

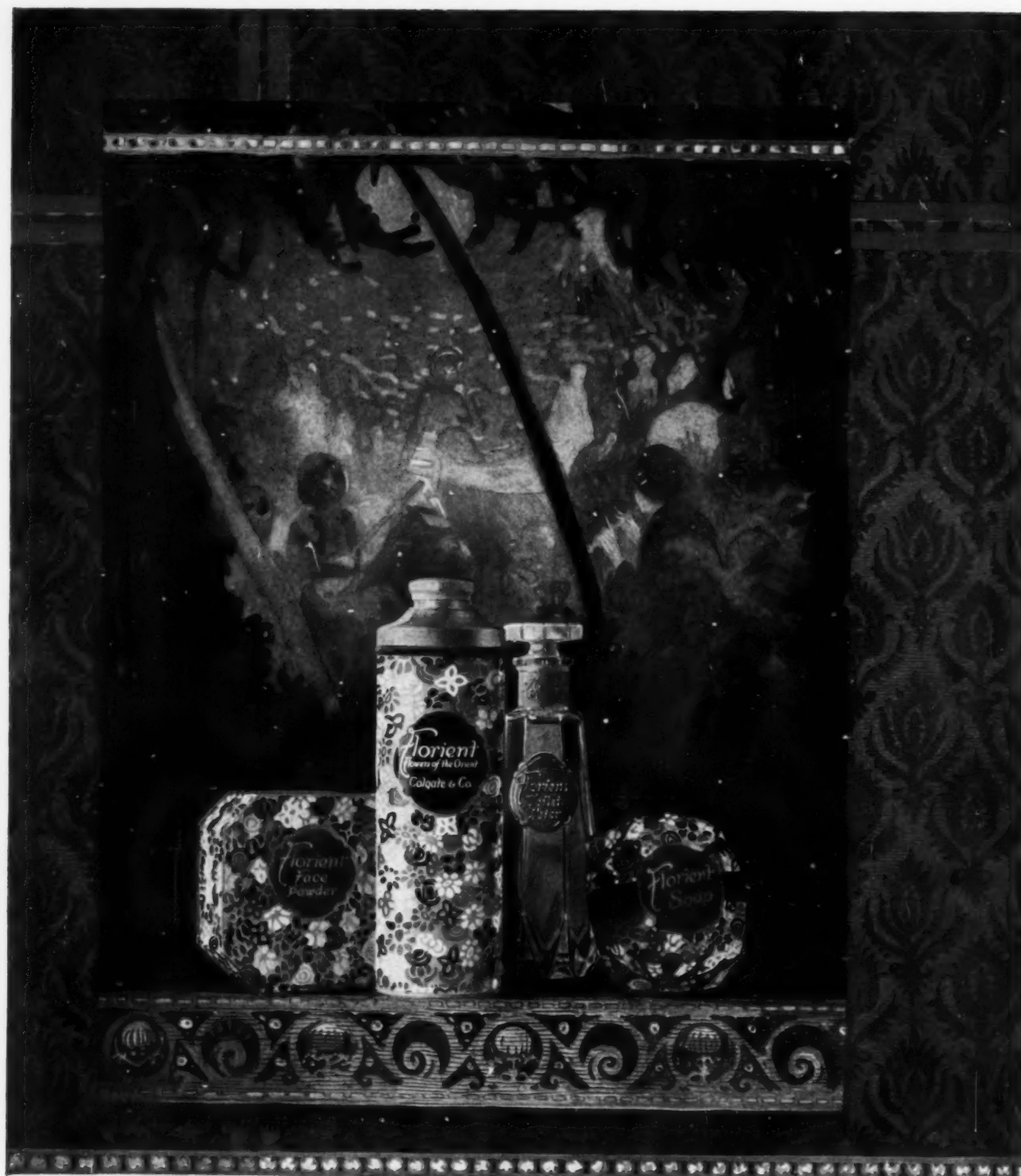
DECEMBER 9, 1920  
VOL. 76

# Life

PRICE 15 CENTS  
NO. 1988



*"The Young Visitor"*



# *Florient* Flowers of the Orient

An attractive miniature box of Florient Talc will be sent upon request if you mention *Life*.

AT Christmas, the daintiest offering, Florient (Flowers of the Orient) is chosen in Perfume, Toilet Water, Talc Powder, Face Powder and Soap. Florient expresses by its fragrance the thoughtful consideration you wish conveyed by your gift.

This delightful perfume was preferred by a jury of discriminating women, in an impartial International Perfume Test.

The Florient Gift Box, lined, and decorated in the Florient design, contains a bottle of Perfume, a bottle of Toilet Water, Face Powder and Soap, all fragrant with "Flowers of the Orient." A difference in the boxes affords a range of prices from \$5.00 to \$12.00.

COLGATE & CO.

Est. 1806

NEW YORK

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## EUROPE 1921

Parties enrolling now. Moderate prices.  
 Most interesting routes. Great success 1920.  
**EMPLE TOURS** 65-H Franklin Street  
 Boston, Mass.

### Words

**W**ORDS, words, an ocean of words,  
 Drenching and drowning the globe  
 that it girds.  
 Brushed by the breeze  
 From political seas,  
 And sewing and quilting and jaw-break-  
 ing bees.

Words by the million,  
 Words by the billion,  
 Tirelessly tripping, words by the quadril-  
 lion;  
 Words of a hue  
 Of profanity blue,  
 Words full of falsehood and words that  
 are true.

Each single word,  
 Wise or absurd,  
 Vies with the others to make itself heard.  
 Windy orations,  
 Loud disputations,  
 Arguments based upon board bills and  
 nations;

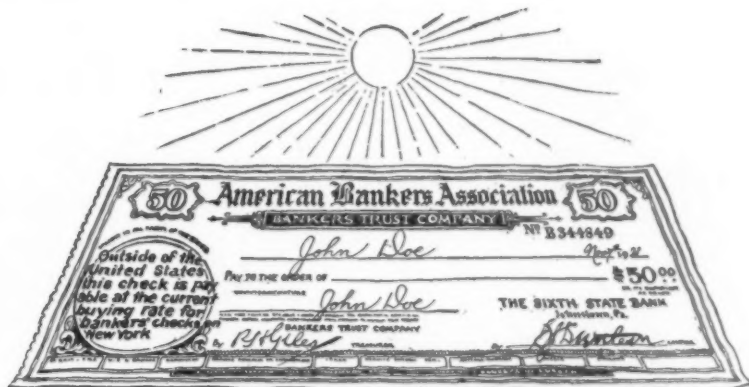
Words that are foolish,  
 Grim words, and ghoulish;  
 Words of the gutter and words that are  
 schoolish;  
 The words "yes" and "no,"  
 "Good-by" and "hello,"  
 The four words reminding that "I told  
 you so."

Words, words, nothing but words;  
 Words in battalions and legions and  
 herds.  
 But, joking aside,  
 When the last echo's died,  
 The silence says more than the whole  
 verbal tide.

### Slow Work

**C**RAWFORD: I see that thirty new  
 names have been added to the Hall  
 of Fame this year.

**CRABSHAW:** That's encouraging. In  
 the course of time perhaps they'll elect  
 some of the famous ones they've left out.



## The Sun Never Sets On "A·B·A" American Bankers Association Cheques

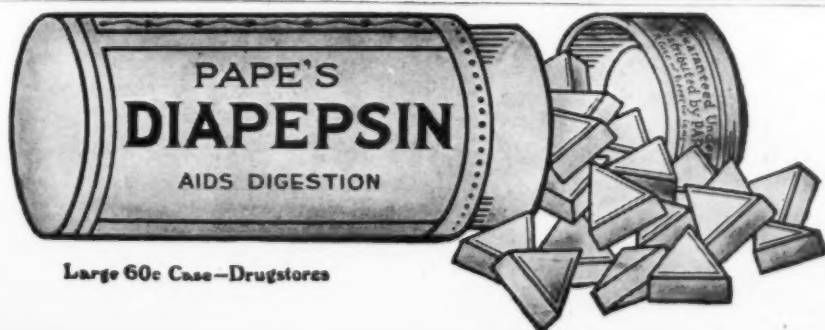
"A·B·A" CHEQUES have sailed the seven seas and have been exchanged in the market places of the world. The sun never sets on them. When one half of the traveling world is sleeping in comfort with "A·B·A" Cheques, the other half is using them.

Through the Bankers Trust Company's Foreign Service travelers arriving in Europe may exchange the "A·B·A" Cheques taken with them for other "A·B·A" Cheques payable in pounds, francs, lire, etc., at the rate current on the day of exchange.

*Issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100  
 in convenient leather wallets by banks everywhere*

## BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

New York Paris



THE MIDDLEMAN



## Keep This Under Your Hat

**T**O be cheerful is always wise. At the present moment it is absolutely essential.

The next twelve issues of *LIFE* will be so cheerful that they will lean over backward. Up to the first of April next we have a lot of special numbers coming along—New Year's, Lawyers', Animal, Palm Beach and the great 2000th Number.

If you have already regaled yourself with *LIFE*'s double Christmas Number (now on sale), you will get some promise of what is to come. There are so many new artists and writers crowding into *LIFE* these days that it is hard to make note of them, but

### There's Benchley.

Are you reading his dramatic criticisms appearing in every issue? Mr. Benchley is not only humorous, but informing. They tell us that his Confidential Guide is the best in the country. Read it and see.

### There's Frueh.

Mr. Frueh's caricatures appear every week in our dramatic pages. Do you know how good they are? Study them and see. Some of those caricatures he redraws fifteen or twenty times—not from photographs, but from personal observation. There is nobody quite like Frueh.

### Wallace Irwin's Togo Letters

Now running.

See Christmas  
Number.

### There's Maxfield Parrish

Acknowledged to be the best color artist in America, Mr. Parrish will contribute to coming numbers of *LIFE* a series of covers, unequalled in richness of design and color. See his Christmas cover.

### There's Raleigh.

Mr. Raleigh's society drawings are a new feature in *LIFE*. They are coming along now. In finish and technique he has no equal.

### There's Eliot Keen

Now contributing a series of "Local Gossip" drawings, remarkable in tone and atmosphere and delightful in rural humor. Look at them.

### There's Enright.

"Give a Thought to Cuba." This series now running in *LIFE*.

## Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send *LIFE* for twelve issues to

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

*LIFE*, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)

We haven't space this week to tell you more. Where *LIFE* formerly ran fifty distinct ideas it is now running nearly double. Get a copy of *LIFE*, take it home, look it over, and obey that impulse. See coupon.





### Be Honest

(Questionnaire for a Man Who Wants to Be a Slap-Stick Movie Comedian)

**H**AVE you cross eyes or any other prominent facial blemishes? ..... If not, state why you feel yourself competent to be a slap-stick comedian. ....

Have you ever worked in a boiler shop or been used as wadding in a dike during a time of flood, or been subjected to any other wear and tear which would be good training for the position you are applying for? .....

How many times can you stumble over your own feet in walking across a room? .....

State the approximate amount of your displacement, and distance the displaced material is thrown when you fall in a bed of mortar. ....

Have you any objection to losing a half-dozen or so teeth every now and then in the cause of Art? .....

Can you flap your ears or wiggle your nose? ..... If not, state some other artistic qualifications you possess. ....

Can you bounce a ten-pound shot off your cranium with ease? ..... If not, state approximate thickness and tensile strength of your skull. ....

Have you any objection to staying under water for an hour or two when the scenario calls for it? .....

Have you any preference as to being kicked by horses or mules? .....

Which is your favorite hospital? .....

Do you prefer ether or local anesthetics? .....

In case of death, to whom shall what remains of you be sent? .....

### A Diplomatic Flatterer

"I CAN'T understand," said the tactful youth, "why you two girls are so inseparable, when one of you is so beautiful and the other is so homely."

Whereat each of the girls went home, looked in the mirror, and felt sorry for her companion.

### His Ideal

**F**ATHER: Have you absolutely no ambition in life, my son?

**SON:** Yes, father. I would like to live so that when I die they will name a cigarette after me.



"WHY, BOBBIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT OUIJA BOARD?"  
"SENDIN' A LETTER TO SANTY CLAUS."

## A CRUISE de LUXE to the Mediterranean



on the Palatial Floating Hotel  
R.M.S. "Caronia" of the Cunard Line

A 49-day cruise visiting all points of interest along the Mediterranean shore.

Competent representatives of Thos. Cook & Son will accompany the cruise throughout. These, aided by the experienced permanent staffs at COOK'S offices in GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MONACO, NAPLES, ALEXANDRIA, CAIRO, LUXOR, ATHENS, etc., will be in charge of shore arrangements.

To permit of visits to CAIRO and UPPER EGYPT a full week's stay of the "Caronia" at ALEXANDRIA is provided for.

Passengers desirous of stopping over in Europe may leave the ship at NAPLES on the homeward trip and return to New York via CUNARD NORTH ATLANTIC SERVICE.

Fares vary according to staterooms selected. Minimum \$1450 inclusive. Reservations should be made immediately.

### THOS. COOK & SON

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston
San Francisco	Los Angeles	Montreal	Toronto



## THE LA FRANCE VACUUM CLEANER

For All Automobiles **\$10 to \$15** According to Make of Car

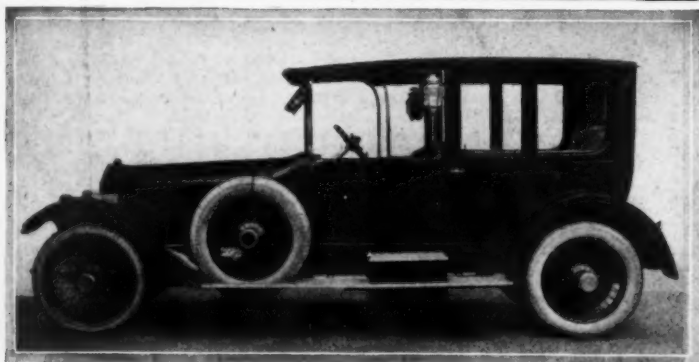
This new and simple device cleans upholstery, mats, robes, top, floor and clothing in five minutes, whether on the road or at home in the garage. It saves time, labor, trouble, and costs as little proportionately to operate as to buy.

Using no moving parts, only the suction created by your exhaust, to which it attaches instantly with the turn of a thumb-screw, the La France can't get out of order. It weighs less than five lbs., and is easily stowed away in any compartment of the car. Yet with engine at little more than idling speed, it has three times the power of an ordinary cleaner. Handy, simple and genuinely useful, it makes an ideal Christmas gift. Sold by Automobile and Accessory Dealers. Additional Distributors wanted.

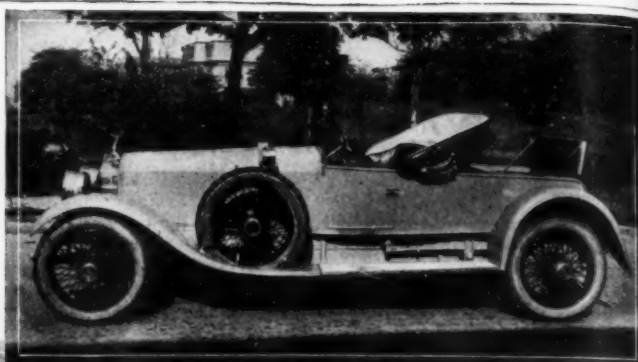
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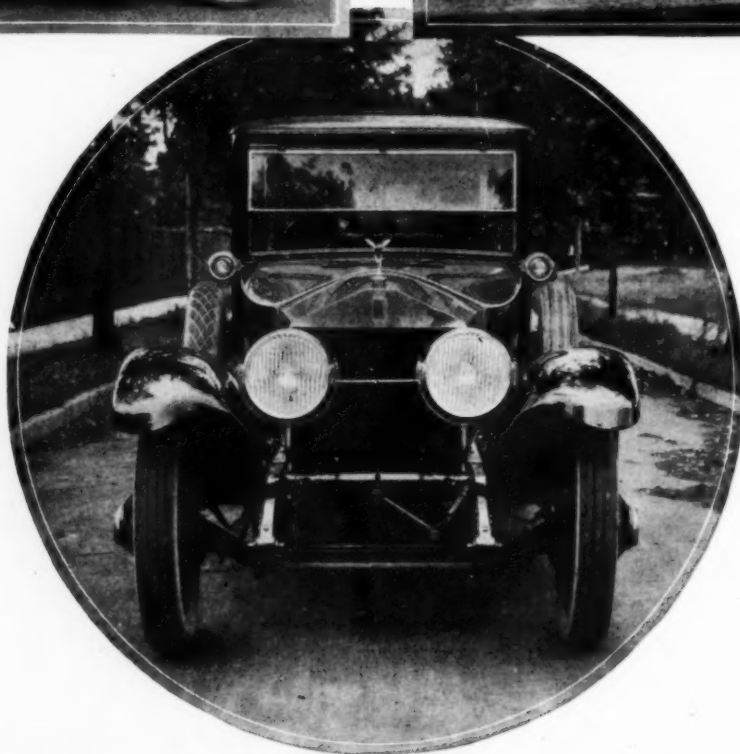


A 1920 Chassis equipped with a Limousine Body built by Hooper and Company of Piccadilly, London.



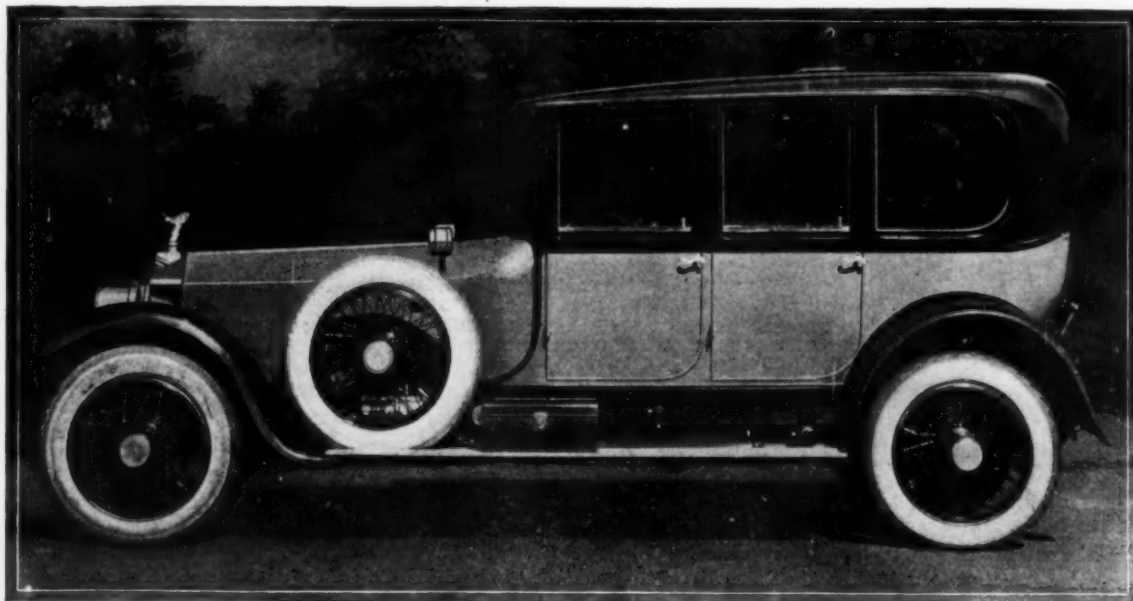
A Convertible Roadster Model for four passengers, with a folding rear seat.

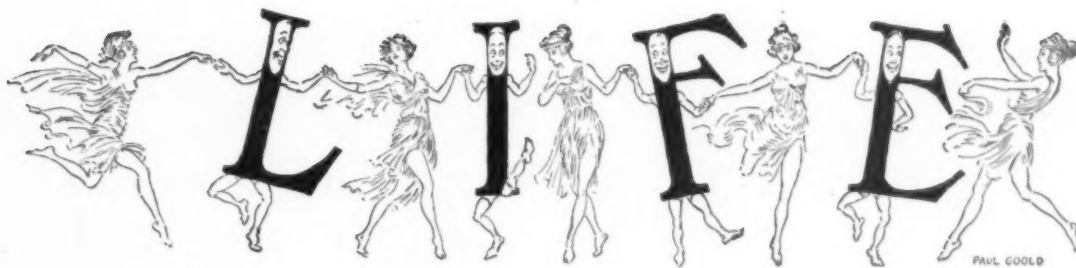
THE  
ROLLS-  
ROYCE  
OF  
TODAY



A Characteristic View, showing the well-known radiator with the Lady Mascot. (Registered.)

An Example of the latest Coach Work of the Enclosed Drive type, as recently delivered to the Royal Family for the Prince of Wales.





### *Ballade of Faithless Loves*

ALAS that I should have to sing  
Of love, the rosemary, the rue;  
How maids in love no longer cling  
To one as they were wont to do;  
How nowadays they are not true,  
But seek fresh fields, heart-whole and free,

As witness Evelyn and Sue—  
I know they are not true to me!

I would I could a metre fling  
Of faithfulness I never knew,  
That would with youth and beauty ring;  
But such a pastime I eschew.  
I pen a subject sad and blue,  
Of May and Maud and Marjorie,  
Of Amy, Marguerite and Lou—  
I know they are not true to me!

I idly dreamed I was a King,  
And happy pictures idly drew  
Of all the bliss the days would bring  
When she I loved but gave the cue.  
But now alas! I sing to you  
Of sorrow vaster than the sea:  
Of Kate, of Jane, of Helen too—  
I know they are not true to me!

#### *L'Envoi*

Oh, Prince, though faithfully I woo,  
And they swear love and fervently,  
The girls I worship and pursue—  
I know they are not true to me!

*Edmund Leamy.*

### *Oh, Yes, This Does Happen*

STILLSON knew the moment he saw her that he was in love with her. And he knew that she was the kind of girl who would know this—and who would respond. She had responded to his eyes already.

"I don't even know your name," he whispered, "but I felt instantly that you had carried through to the point where I have arrived. We don't have to explain anything, do we? Because we have both learned the same things."

"It is rather wonderful," she smiled, "and of course I got it because I felt instantly the thing you speak of, although I don't pretend to understand it."

"It lay in the very beginning," he replied. "It's the first contact with eyes that counts—an immediate surrender on both sides—and after that nothing else matters. We were both lost—hopelessly, irretrievably lost."

"I am married," she said quite simply, looking around.

"So am I," he said, also looking around.

"If I hadn't married the man I did, and if I didn't love him in just the way I do, I never could have understood just what you meant," she said.

"Neither could I," he replied. "It is these brief moments that, after all, make life worth living."

And then they parted.

*T. L. M.*



"IS SHE CLEVER?"

"YES, QUITE. SHE CONTRIVES TO LET NO ONE SUSPECT HER OF BEING HALF AS STUPID AS SHE REALLY IS."



### Suggestions for Next Summer

SO much trouble was caused last summer by discrepancies between railroad time and the various times of towns through which the roads ran that it is suggested, to avoid this, that time-tables be printed to conform with the local requisites as to how clocks shall run. For example:

	A. M.
HICKVILLE...Lv.	6 15 (Hickville time)
Cob Centre....."	5 30* (Eastern time)
Clam Cove....."	7 45 (Daylight saving time)
Mudtown .....	6 00 or 7 01 (Depending on action of town council)

Punkville .....

Sand Harbor...Arr. 8 00† (State time)

\* Pending decision in state supreme court.

† Sunday time one hour later.

‡ Time being voted on at next election.

All times subject to change without notice by legislature.

Passengers are advised to consult the porter every fifteen minutes to reset their watches. A stopwatch will be kept for the purpose.

### Solicitous

A CONSCIENTIOUS girl approached one of the older suffrage leaders at the late election.

"I am so anxious to do the right thing—do you think I ought to vote for the firemen to get their two platoons?"

"Oh, yes, my dear; I think it is only right, with the cold weather coming along, that those firemen should be supplied with at least two pairs."



"OH, DOCTOR, I CAN'T STAND THESE NORTHERN WINTERS."

"THEN GO SOUTH."

"WHY, DOCTOR, I CAN'T TRAVEL. I GET TRAIN SICK AND SEA SICK."

### This Bubble World



THE American dollar has established another new record on the Paris Exchange. Whenever the dollar does anything nowadays it's always miles from home.

\* \* \*

With two students murdered and another convicted of murder during the past year, Dartmouth College maintains its reputation as the best-advertised institution of learning in the United States.

\* \* \*

Mayor John F. Hylan, of New York City, has been disposing of literature and waxing epigrammatical.

When some unfortunate citizen meekly protested because the Board of Estimate was deducting twenty thousand dollars from the annual appropriation to the New York Public Library, Hizzoner silenced the intruder by remarking:

"You can't eat books and the like of that, you know."

As usual, Hizzoner hits the bull's-eye on the head, so to speak, Oscar Wilde himself could not have summed up the situation so briefly, so wittily, or so completely.

\* \* \*

A Card of Thanks: The promoters and supporters of the "Own Your Own Home" movement would like the landlords of America to know that their quite disinterested and persistent efforts in behalf of this movement are deeply appreciated.

\* \* \*

The skeleton of a man, said to be over two hundred thousand years old, has been unearthed by Professor E. H. Harbour of the University of Nebraska, and we now expect to read interviews with the hoary veteran stating that he attributes his unusually long life to the fact that he has never touched alcohol or nicotine in any form, has never been to the theatre, and has always voted the Democratic ticket straight.

\* \* \*

One of the employees of the rapid transit company in Akron, O., has become an evangelist, and is holding revival meetings in the car barns. When he takes up the collection, he doubtless has difficulty in overcoming the tendency to say, "Fares, please."

\* \* \*

A ticket speculator was recently held up outside of his office in New York and robbed of ten thousand dollars in ticket-speculating cash. Well—this is certainly an age of acute competition.

\* \* \*

Just as the girls begin wearing 'em that way, the days get shorter too.

\* \* \*

Now that the lid has been lifted from the solid South, if someone would only shear the wool from the woolly West and knock the feet from under the effete East, we might have a united country after all.

### What Kansas Knows

"BUT—oh, I say now, what else could Lloyd George have done about the coal strike?"

"Cabled for Governor Allen of Kansas."





All We Demand Is Luxury



AS USUAL

Husband: SO YOU'VE BEEN SHOPPING AGAIN.  
 "DON'T WORRY, DEAR. THEY'RE ALL GOING BACK BUT A SHIRT WAIST AND A SPOOL OF THREAD."

### My Lady Love

MY Lady Love is fair to see;  
 Her eyes are pools of mystery;  
 Her lips, like poppy petals soft,  
 Are made to kiss, and very oft  
 I kiss them.

Her laugh is like the morning breeze  
 That shakes sweet music from the trees;  
 Her dimpled hands are made to hold,  
 And sometimes—when she doesn't scold—  
 I hold them.

My Lady Love is only four;  
 But when she meets me at the door,  
 Her eyes, her lips are made to love,  
 And by the holy saints above,  
 I love them!

Vivian Geiser Laramore.

### Those Bridge Fiends

DOROTHY: Shall we play for a tenth of a cent?

PENELOPE: Yes, and I'm going to try all the rules I've been studying up.

"Oh, let's make it a cent."

### Overlooked?

MAUD: Are their church services attractive?

BEATRIX: Interesting and spectacular and gripping; but you don't have a minute to say your prayers.

THE thunder of business often sours the milk of human kindness.

### Self-Protection

LOVE and Hate met. Hate smiled, but Love was sorrowful.

"We must get together," said Hate. "You are the only one I haven't been able to win over to my point of view, but that is only because you are so ignorant."

"Yes," said Love, "I have often thought how blind I was."

"Let me explain. It is necessary for me to cut through to the heart of things. I must first destroy practically everything there is. Integrity, and the thing the vulgar term common honor, are only delusions. I must have bloodshed, tyranny, force, expatriation until I dominate everything; then I can make men into what I will them to be."

"Yes," said Love.

"You're silly and incompetent: the modern school of criticism, which is one of my most refined pets, you know nothing of. You haven't the faintest appreciation or understanding of that grand being, the Intellectual. You have no system."

Love did not reply. Gazing upon Hate, she stretched forth her arms.

Hate shuddered. Quickly he gathered his belongings—his machine-gun, his blood-red pamphlets, his pen of vitriol, his bombs, his works of art, his foreign-language press, his secret propaganda.

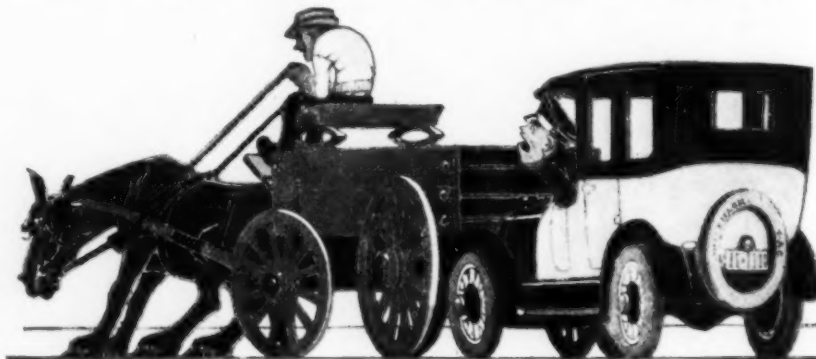
"Good-by," he said. "I can fight you much better at a distance. Why, if I should come into continuous contact with you—you'd ruin me!"

### His Complex

WAS that home brew of Palmer's very potent?

"Well, during the evening, Palmer tried to get inside his own grandfather's clock with the idea of phoning his wife that he wouldn't be home on time."

DOES the man whose interest in life is centered wholly in self always know how little a thing he is working for?



"HEY, YOU BONEHEAD! YOU'VE GOT HIM IN REVERSE"



Clarence Worthington Smith: HELLO, CARROTS!  
Ethelbert Percival Jones: HELLO, SKINNY!

### Such Is Life

**W**HY, man, what in the world are you taking home that aquarium for? You're drunk."

"Well, I wouldn't if I wasn't."

**D**ON'T expect too much from political candidates. If you are really looking for information, study the Encyclopedia. It belongs to no political party.

### The Universal Brotherhood

**B**OLSHEVIST LEADER: Is there anybody in this mob who knows how to run a printing press?

"I do."

"Good. You're appointed Secretary of the Treasury."

**I**N order to get sense out of anything, you must put some sense into it.

### His Financial Limitations

**B**ULGER (to architect): I've got a million, and I want you to build me a ripping house.

ARCHITECT: Well, how would you like a nice little bungalow?

**B**ARNUM may have been right in his century, but now aren't *two* born every minute?



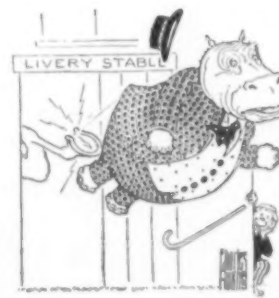
"Sh—h! Come hither, Claudius, and I will escort thee to that which containeth the great kick."



"On our way—'tis indeed most urgent!"

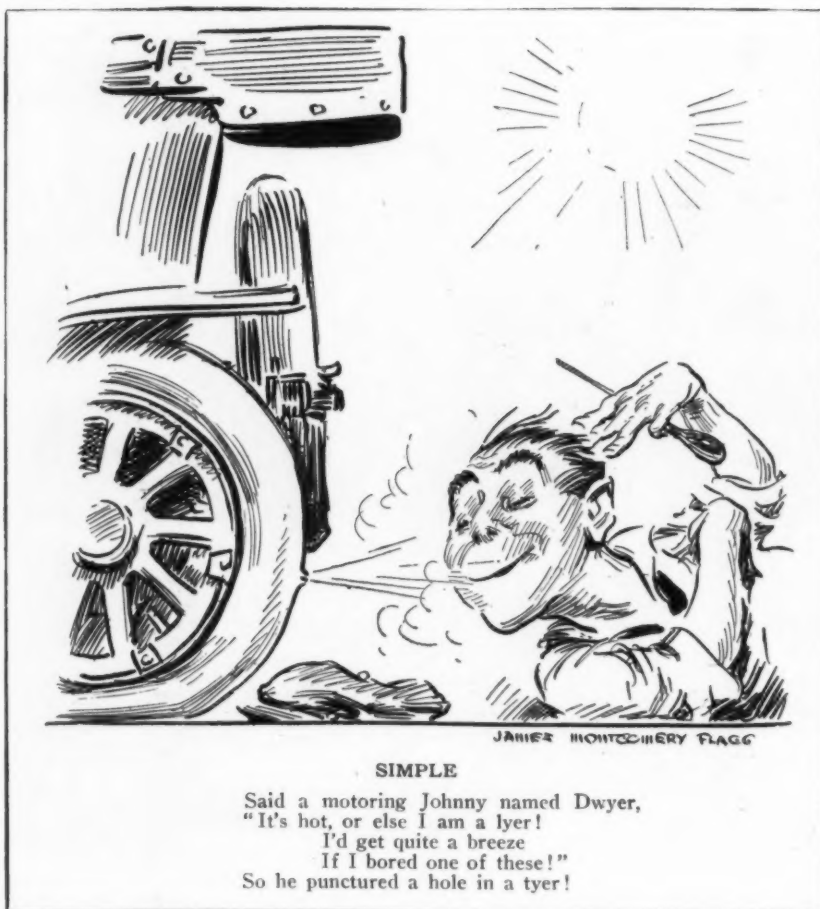


"Now hand over the ten bucks and tarry here until the kick—"



"doth arrive."





### Advertisement

**I** ANNOUNCE myself unblushingly and with perfect confidence. Nobody has anything on me.

Nobody can ever supplant me in the affections and desires of men. I am supreme mogul of the universe.

Everybody is working for me. Asking nothing for myself, all men expect everything of me. I withhold nothing and grant as little as I like. Men may doubt fire and the stars, but not me.

Nobody ever saw me, yet I am the one reality. Nobody knows anything about me. So long as time shall last my secret is safe. Yet I am ever on the lips of men. My name is lisped by the toddling infant and chortled by hoary-headed sages.

I am the one that you will eventually disown.

I am to-morrow.

**BROWNE:** The officeholder is really a servant of the people.

**TOWNE:** Yes—wastes their substance and does as he pleases.

### Passing of an Old Friend

**W**E are told that the gray squirrel is becoming extinct. He is going the way of his larger friends, the buffalo and the Indian. He had a good time while it lasted. There were trees to be climbed, matches to be made, courtships to be conducted, homes to be built, food to be gathered and children to be raised. The gray squirrel did all of these things and more. He contributed to man's sense of beauty and freedom. He gave something of joy and companionship and abounding love to the world. When the houses began to appear he approached the windows where the children, with nuts in their outstretched hands, watched him with glee—at first timidly with his flickering tail in the air, and then with his increasing confidence in his young friends. Nobody ever accused him of being an enemy to society.

The real trouble with the gray squirrel was that he sported a coat. It was a beautiful coat that had proved itself quite useful for certain commercial purposes. The hunter with the trap and gun went after the gray squirrel. And got him.

### Pending

**H**AVE you been married before, Rastus?

"Not yet."

"Not yet?"

"Not 'fo' I gets my divo'ce."

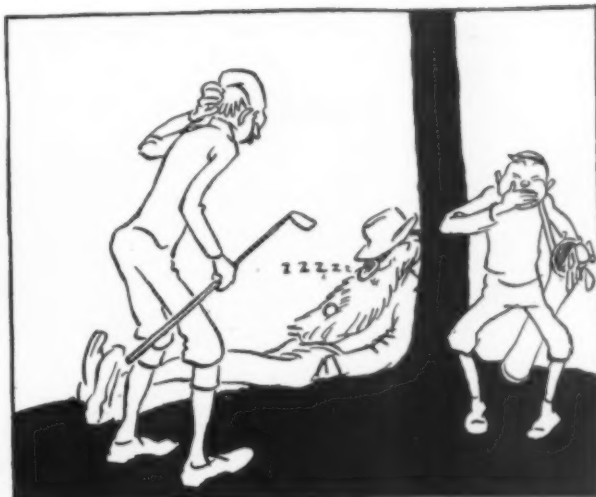
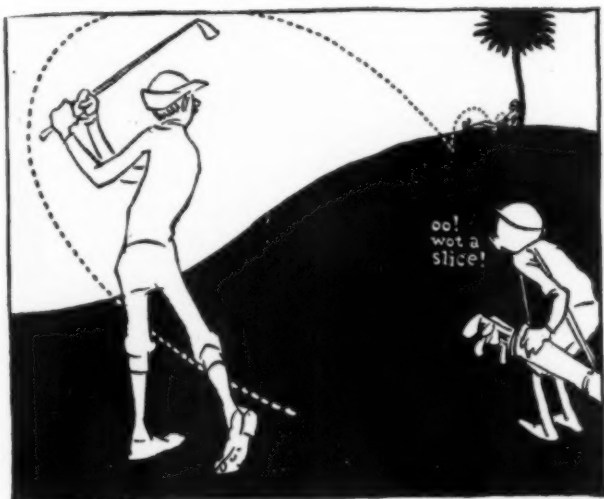


"I'LL GIVE YE A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY FER THAT MARE, HANK."

"NOTHIN' DOIN', AB. SHE'S WUTH THREE HUNDRED."

"WAL, LET'S SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE AN' CALL IT A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY-FIVE."





A Reminiscence



*She:* DO YOU THINK, DEAR, WE WILL EVER QUARREL AFTER WE ARE MARRIED?  
*He:* CERTAINLY NOT. I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU EVER DOING ANYTHING TO PROVOKE ME.  
*She (thoughtfully):* I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE YOUR FAULT.

### British Novelists, Ltd.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is one of the most industrious partners in the syndicate known as British Novelists, Limited. His annual output is at least as large as that of any of his associates in the company—in fact, he is rather more likely to work overtime than Mr. Cannan, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Walpole, Mr. George or Mr. Wells. There is a lively demand for his wares in the fiction market, and there are takers for all that he offers. In fact, there are rumors that speculators are organizing a boom in Arnold Bennett stock. This is to be deplored, as a boom is likely always to be followed by a slump.

One of the boomsters has recently written a review of Mr. Bennett's latest book; and in the course of this we are informed that the publication of one of Mr. Bennett's novels placed the author "incontestably in the front rank of the first-class English writers of all time."

Gosh! If we may go so far—Gosh all hemlock! If this boomster is justified, we have with us to-night the equal of Chaucer and Shakespeare, Milton and Dryden, Dickens and Thackeray, Hawthorne and Mark Twain. And we didn't

know it—we didn't even suspect it; and what's more, we doubt if the author himself suspected it. When Victor Hugo published his book on Shakespeare he authorized a blurb to the effect that "the English poet had at last been weighed and measured by the French poet." That's all; no doubt ever crossed the French poet's mind that he was at least the equal of the English poet. But there is no reason to suppose that the British novelist shares the self-esteem of the French poet. Probably if he happens to see the American review he will remark, "Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a dern-fool friend."

B. M.

### Give Helen Time

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE INFANT (aged five): Mamma, when Helen falls down and bumps her head, why doesn't she say, "The Divine Mind governs all?"



A MAN OF RARE GIFTS

### Recompense

DEAD for a hundred years  
The old tree lay,  
Telling of life forgotten  
And death to-day.

With roots in the rotted bole  
The young beech is gay,  
Telling of death forgotten  
And life to-day.

### "Children Who Prefer Sweetmeats. . ."

'HORATIO, old thing," remarked Albemarle Glimp, aged five, to his equally advanced colleague whom he had invited over to tea, "every day it becomes more apparent to me that we superior infants will have to rise and take arms against an evil which not only stultifies our best efforts, but renders us individually ridiculous."

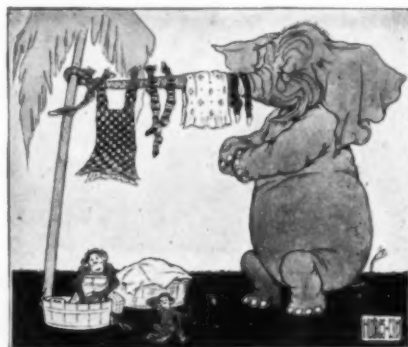
"Hear, hear!" remarked Horatio Dibble, languidly pretending to flick the ash from a very good imitation cigarette. "And what's the evil?"

"Baby talk! Baby talk, my boy; foisted upon us by our senile elders, promoted by simpering debutantes and fatuous grandmothers. It must be stopped. It does absolutely no good. There's no sense to it, no reason for it. We certainly don't enjoy it. And to those of us who wish to rise above it and progress beyond, it does material harm."

"How shall we stop it?"

"Let us swear solemnly to discourage the use of baby talk primarily by unresponsiveness. If persisted in, we shall become militant. And we shall each persuade ten of our friends in the younger set to swear likewise. They, in turn, will persuade ten of their friends to accept the pact. If necessary we can go on a hunger strike."

Albemarle's nurse appeared in the doorway with a tray upon which reposed



THE FIRST WARDROBE TRUNK



Editor: HAVEN'T I READ THIS POEM OF YOURS BEFORE?

Poet: NO, SIR! WHY, YOU REJECTED IT.

two bowls, the steaming, savory contents of which at once became the center of interest.

"Hullo!" remarked Horatio. "Here's tea. I *could* eat a bit, at that."

"See!" cooed the nurse. "See what nursee has for nice itty gentyman's tea. Ni-ice, twee-et, oaty mee-al."

Horace looked over at Albemarle. But that "itty gentyman" had already rushed over to the diminutive supper table, and was beating frantically upon it with his silver spoon.

"Nummy, nummy, nummy!" he clamored shockingly. "Ni-ice oaty meal. Nummy, nummy, nummy!"

"Nummy, nummy, nummy!" agreed Horatio heartily, taking his place opposite his host.

Henry William Hanemann.

### Maybe He Could Squeeze In

"CAN I get a bath?" asked the new arrival at the New York hotel.

"If the Hudson River isn't occupied," replied the clerk nonchalantly.

### Give Her Room

ELDERLY AUNT (to little boy, sliding down the banister): Here, Johnny! I wouldn't do that.

JOHNNY: 'Course you wouldn't. How would it look—an old lady like you?

RETIRED FOOD PROFITEER (to son): If you persist in marrying that showgirl I shall cut you off with a million.

IT is evident that the builders have been putting up something besides buildings.





IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS  
YE HOME-MADE PYE





NOT FOR BERTIE

*Host (to Quaverly):* SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL, BERT, OLD FELLOW. I'VE BEEN KEEPING THIS JUST FOR YOU.  
*Mrs. Quaverly:* NO, NO, NO! BERTIE NEVER TOUCHES A DROP.

### Little Lessons from the Wild

THE WHALE lives in the ocean blue, and would be seen by very few if he would keep his quiet way and never let himself get gay. But often he sticks up his snout, feeling he's called upon to spout. The moment that his spouting shows, the cro'nest bellows, "Thar she blows!" The seamen tumble overside; away the racing galleys glide; the stout oars bend; the rullocks smoke; the boat lifts out at every stroke—and flukes thrash up a bloody foam as the relentless barb sinks home. In vain the victim sounds and breaches; the deadly lance his vitals reaches, and that great bulk of power and pride is blubber swashing on the tide. . . . Which teaches us we shouldn't spout, unless we know just what about; for every blowhard, late or soon, must feel the thrust of the harpoon.

\*\*\*

THE GOAT, of all the four-legged creatures, possesses least redeeming

features; he hurts the eye, offends the nose, and adds unto our aural woes. The Goat is seen on rubbish dumps; among the rusty cans he jumps; he chews up tins and shoes and rags and sardine cans and paper bags. He lost his solitary claim to presence in the Hall of Fame when Volstead handed us a shock by cutting out our springtime bock. There's just one gift within his nut, and that's his willingness to butt. He'll butt all day, he'll butt all night; he'll butt, and butt with all his might, and all the ice that Caper cuts is due entirely to his butts. . . . Which tells us, if we'd drive a furrow, in some one thing we must be thorough.

\*\*\*

NO racket's blamed upon the CLAM; no doors this peaceful lad will slam; nor does he rouse the slumbering beach with yell and howl and scream and screech; nor ever drag his muddy feet across his mother's kitchen neat—how

different from some human boys, with all their fuss and muss and noise! This bivalve nestles in the sand; he doesn't talk to beat the band; he argues not on politics; for sports he doesn't care two sticks. . . . A lesson his demeanor bears—that we should mind our own affairs. . . . And yet, when all is said and done, the Clam has very little fun: he might have jazzed a little louder before engulfment in the chowder. . . . Which shows that peace is proper, yes, but may be carried to excess.

### And Recreation

VISITING CURATE: Mandy, is it necessary for you to leave all these young children at home and go out to cook?

"Yes, sir. The doctor says I needs a rest."

IN these profiteering days it takes only about nine men to "make" a tailor.

## LIFE'S Ready Replies

*Use Them and Be Assured Against Embarrassment; They  
Never Fail*

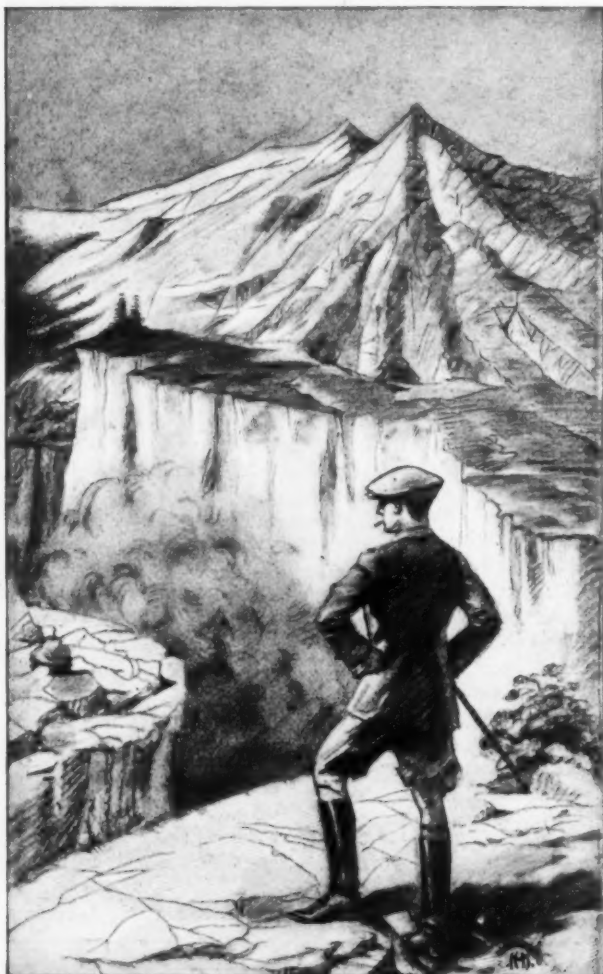
## THE LITERARY CHALLENGE

**QUESTION:** Don't you just love the younger English novelists?

**ANSWER:** From certain comprehensible points of view your implied enthusiasm is quite justified. It has, I might say, my ratification; with, of course, reservations. To tell the truth, I find among them a great deal of satisfactory realism which is highly desirable in stories having a romantic flavor; but sometimes I am tempted to think that the philosophy of the writers is too pessimistic even for cheerful books. Our novelists have much to learn from the English; only less, indeed, than the English have to learn of ours. I like the country-life and city-life stories best, for in them one finds the widest sweep of the imagination governing situations calling for the most scrupulous devotion to fact.

**BOBBIE:** What is a committee, pa?

**FATHER:** A committee, my son, is something which takes a week to do what one good man can do in an hour.



*Moving-Picture Director on Location:* WHAT A PEACH OF A PLACE FOR A COMEDY!



## LOCAL GOSSIP

Sim Ford wuz cleanin' up his yard, rakin' up leaves an' sech an' burnin' uv 'em, an' afore he nutticed, his hog pen hed ketched an' wuz afire all over, so'st thar wan't no chanct o' savin' it, and Sim's pig wuz inside; but thar wan't nothin' he could do about it. The parson come past and ast Sim, "What, brother," sez he, "is the beacon?"

"Tain't so much beacon as it is bacon," sez Sim. "I wuz cleanin' up the yard." The parson 'lowed ef he kep' on the place would be tolerable clean. Then Maria Ford seen the pigsty goin', and she come a-runnin' out. "What shell I do? What shell I do?" sez she. "Wall," sez Sim, "yeou better bring the parson a knife an' fork."

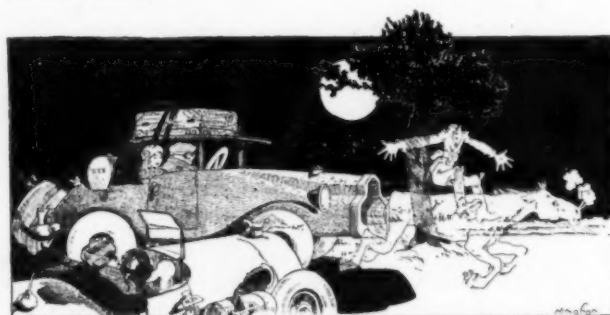
'Twa'n't so bad tho'. The pig come out himself when it gut too hot fer him, and Maria tol' Sim she wuz glad thar wuz *some* brains on the place, anyhow.

## Stage-Struck

**O**H, Fate, you are an organ grinder, hard and mean,  
And I your monkey, grimacing with rage  
Because I know, before my finest trick they've seen,  
You'll jerk me, squealing, off this tinseled stage.

**SOCIAL WORKER:** If you keep a thing seven years you will be able to make it useful.

**MRS. GEORGIA FLORIDA:** Yes; my children all start factory-work at that age.



*The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow:* WHAT CHANCE HAS A DECENT, SELF-RESPECTING APPARITION GOT THESE DAYS, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?

## Dialectic Hint on How to Win an Argument

ONE is so apt to get into arguments nowadays over questions about which one knows nothing, that it is well to be prepared in advance with a little emergency material which can be used at any time.

In the first place, you must realize that in questions of international policy, involving historical points, the man with whom you are arguing knows no more than you do. You must constantly bear this fact in mind. He is throwing a bluff, just as you are. All you have to do is throw a more impressive one, and you can't do this without facts, or things that sound like facts. It doesn't make any difference whether they mean anything or not, so long as they sound authoritative.

For instance, I have a little set of impressive-sounding events which, so far as I know, have never occurred, but which I have never known to fail when injected into an argument. I use them indiscriminately. They are as follows:

1. The Algeciras Incident.
2. The Treaty of Bozen.
3. The Partition of the Engardine.
4. The Gresham-Russell Agreement.
5. The San Marino Fisheries Case.

Now let us say that I am arguing with Wappingham about the kind of association of nations this country ought to enter into. I am getting slightly the worst of the matter, having been handicapped in the beginning by taking up an untenable position. Wappingham has just pointed out to me that the threat of force is a necessity in the preservation of the world's peace. And I say (picking from my list at random):

"Why, my dear fellow, how can you say that when you know how the Gresham-Russell Agreement of 1893 worked out?" (I throw in the first date that comes to mind.)

Now, Wappingham hasn't the slightest idea how the Gresham-Russell Agreement worked out, because (unless I am very much mistaken) there never was any such agreement. But he doesn't like to admit that he doesn't know. So he says: "Well, perhaps in that instance you are right, but—" And there I have the argument won.

Or, if the question is on intervention in Mexico, and Slessinger has cornered me with the contention that a nation has a right to invade another country with armed forces to protect its financial interests there, I say, sneeringly:



Wife: WE MUST PLACE OUR GUESTS AT DINNER SO THAT EACH ONE WILL BE NEXT TO A STRANGER.

Husband: THAT'S AN IDEA. WHY NOT PUT ALL THE HUSBANDS AND WIVES TOGETHER?

"I guess that you are forgetting the San Marino Fisheries Case, aren't you?" or, "How about the Algeciras Incident and the resulting Treaty of Bozen?" (There is no objection to combining any two or more of your references in case you need a mass attack.)

And ten to one he will crumple up and admit that he had forgotten all about the San Marino Fisheries Case and that, of course, this weakens his argument a little. He may, if he has a great deal of nerve, attempt to prove that the San Marino Case only makes his point stronger, in which event it is a question of your nerve against his.

The only chance of this scheme going wrong is that you will encounter some-

one who frankly admits that he doesn't know what the Algeciras Incident was, and asks you point-blank to explain it. But this chance is very slight, and decidedly worth taking.

Robert C. Benchley.

## A Crowded Field

LOUISE: Clare has stopped knocking everybody, and now is complimentary to the world at large.

JULIA: Why the change?

LOUISE: She said she was tired of competition.

"DID her husband leave Mrs. Nagger very much?"

"Every night."





DECEMBER 9, 1920

*"While there is Life there's Hope."*

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**SENATOR LODGE** gives very little encouragement to those who hope that the Treaty may

be returned to the Senate and that the League Republicans may combine with the Democrats to pass an amended Treaty that the President will sign. Mr. Lodge says that the people in the election have vetoed the Wilson League of Nations and that, so far as the United States is concerned, "that League is dead, for the court from which there is no appeal has spoken in terms which cannot be misunderstood." And he says the great question of our policy abroad "will not be further dealt with in any way by the administration which has been discarded and which has little more than three months to live."

That does not much help the idea of getting the Treaty through between now and the Fourth of March. On the other hand, it does not in any respect discourage that purpose, since everyone must understand that for Mr. Lodge to help the present Senate pass the Treaty for Mr. Wilson to sign would involve one of the most momentous changes of heart since Saul of Tarsus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," saw a light in the sky. It is not impossible that Senator Lodge may see a light, and that events and the interests of business may raise up new combinations that will modify his sentiments, but to get the Treaty through in the present session of the Senate will hardly be attempted unless the League Republicans conclude that it is a case of now or never, and that unless we get into the League while Mr. Wilson is President we may never get into it at all.

The winners of the late election keep saying that Mr. Wilson's Treaty, or maybe the Covenant, is dead; meaning that it

is dead in these States. It is dead as a party issue, and if it is not, it ought to be. If it is to go through in the present session of Congress it must go on a completely unpartisan basis, and of course it will not go through at all unless enough League Republicans want it, and unless Mr. Wilson has a sufficient change of heart to ratify what he can get. The political course for Mr. Harding seems to be to avoid committing himself to any course about the Treaty until he is safe in the presidential seat. He is well qualified and practiced to hold such a course as that, and has planned to talk the Treaty over with a good many people, and perhaps to keep talking it over until March. The correspondents say he will not appoint Mr. Root Secretary of State, but they do not tell how they know that. They say he wants Mr. Knox, and that is likely enough, but it would be obviously indiscreet for him to divulge his choice for Secretary of State any sooner than is necessary. Probably the correspondents are just guessing. Mr. Harding must know as well as anybody that the moment he discloses his intentions about the Treaty he will get into trouble. His plan of parleys to find out what his backers want is excellent, and the more time he can use up in them the better for his final purpose. The kindest service that could possibly be done for him would be to relieve him of the Treaty altogether by passing it in some form while he waits. It would lighten him as Christian was lightened in the *Pilgrim's Progress* when the burden of sin rolled off from his back. Then he could get right down to work on something near his heart, like the repeal of the Panama Canal tolls bill, or gather himself to help put through the reformation of the tax laws, or some other of the innumerable things that everybody wants done. He cannot invite the Pro-League people to get the Treaty

through while he is consulting about it, but in his secret heart he can wish, and possibly does wish, more power to their elbows.



**THE** long downward slide of stocks and despondent business prospects are arguments of a sort for speed with the Treaty. Producers of raw materials, farmers, and American manufacturers, need a European market very much indeed. It looks as though they would have had a much better market if the Treaty had gone through a year ago, and we had taken a more active part in stabilizing Europe. One great argument for the Treaty has always been the business argument that we could not afford to let Europe go to smash—that we needed Europe, needed it almost as much as Europe needed us. So much as is sound of that argument will weigh for the Treaty all the time, and probably its weight will increase day by day. Factories have been closing and prices have been falling because people would not buy what was produced at the prices demanded. There is over-production here, while there is sore need in Europe for almost all of what we produce. Europe cannot buy of us as much as she should while the rate of exchange is so terribly against her countries. That is a bad condition. It is a condition that ought not to wait three months unmedicated if relief from it can be furnished. It is a condition that is due neither to Mr. Wilson nor to Mr. Lodge, but to our Constitution, which provides how treaties shall be handled, and provides also that a President shall serve out his term whether Congress will pass his measures or not. Mr. Lodge was within his rights in trying to amend the Treaty,





THE TUG OF PEACE

or beat it altogether. Mr. Wilson was within his rights in trying to get it through as it was. The people of the United States were within their Constitutional rights in suffering grievously because these gentlemen were unable to agree. While the long haggle over the Treaty went on, the interests and needs of the country, as well as of the world, were neglected. It would have been a great deal better for all hands, so far as merely human consideration can judge, if Mr. Lodge could have assumed the reins of government as soon as he had Mr. Wilson's Treaty beaten. As it was, the Constitution made him vastly powerful and important, but irresponsible. He had power to obstruct, but no power to do anything. He had power to obstruct, but no responsibility for the consequences of obstruction. Mr. Wilson appealed to the country, and has lost. He is relieved of further responsibility for the Treaty as it is. He can do nothing if he likes, but one would think he would send the Treaty back to the Senate and let it pass it in some form, if it will. First or last, Republicans and Democrats have got to agree upon it if it is ever to go through. If they can agree in the present session of Congress, the world and the country will be just that much ahead. They have both suffered amply from the hold-up

facilities provided by the Constitution of the United States.



A HUGE, disfiguring sign-board on city property up near Van Cortlandt Park was burned on November 19th by citizens who came in motor cars and attacked it by night with axe and torch. It has not yet transpired who committed this fearful outrage on property. The possibility that such unlawful actions may become epidemic must be faced by the public. Up to the present time the public has been fairly tranquil about it. Opinion in the Cortlandt Park neighborhood seemed to be united against the sign as a disfigurement. It was believed that it had been put up on the city property without due authority, but its destruction by violence is of course a very painful occurrence.

If people once get to thinking about wayside advertising and what it is and what it does, whose sign-board will be safe? Possibly the famous board by the Riverside viaduct that sticks in the throat of the view of the Hudson might

suffer. But these chances of disorder can be averted if the legislature, when it gets to work again, will provide for the regulation of outdoor advertising by competent authorities. The rights and feelings of the general public on that subject are entitled to respect, and should get it.



REPORTS of the conference of the League of Nations at Geneva make very interesting reading. It discusses things, and seems to reach conclusions. Perhaps it will act on them. It is troubled at this writing because the extermination of the Armenians goes on. When it talks about the Armenians it feels the need of an army, and plans to have one. Meanwhile, report says the Armenians are turning to Russia for protection, and the Soviets are ready to furnish it.

No one in sight seems able to manage this world at this time, no man, no party, no nation. It drives along, bulging and spilling at the points of least resistance. Ireland in particular continues to bulge and spill deplorably, and, bad as its concerns are, still makes observers feel that they will be worse before they are better.



Mr. Shrimp Is Called on to Give an Opinion th





Opinion the First Time in His Married Life





### Something Good

A GREAT deal of unnecessary worry is indulged in by theatregoers trying to understand what Bernard Shaw means. They are not satisfied to listen to a pleasantly written scene in which three or four clever people say delightful things, but they needs must purse their lips and scowl a little and debate as to whether Shaw meant the lines to be an attack on monogamy as an institution or a plea for manual training in the public-school system.

"Heartbreak House" unquestionably has a message, but I doubt if it is worth as much as the dialogue. The characters quite probably represent different types which are significant as a commentary on English social and political life; but even if you have never heard of English social and political life, they are delicious simply as characters. And their presentation by the members of the Theatre Guild, assisted by such charming ringers as Elizabeth Risdon, Lucille Watson and Effie Shannon, is all that could be asked.

What there is of the story deals with a throng of aimless guests who move in a mad manner about the commodious house of a retired sea-captain in Sussex. One feels during the first act that, if everyone continues to be as delightful as they then are, the play might well run on forever without any final curtain. This wish is nearly fulfilled in the second act, which is just twice as long as any act has a right to be. But everything is brought to a happy ending in the last scene by three of the loudest explosions ever heard on any stage, with the possible exception of that which occurred in the Opera House in St. Petersburg in 1891, when the royal box containing the Grand Duke Sergius and family was blown out into the Nevskii Prospekt.

Just as after hearing an opera by Victor Herbert I always feel extremely graceful and confident that, with any

encouragement at all, I could dance divinely across the concourse of the Grand Central Terminal, I always feel very clever after listening to a Shaw play. I think that I look clever, too. It seems as if people must notice it, even before I speak. And when I finally do bring myself to utter something like, "A good show, wasn't it?" to a friend on the way out, I do it with a twinkle in my eye and a droll expression to my mouth, as if I were standing with a gardenia in my buttonhole and a cup of tea in my hand, saying something enormously witty and cynical to the Countess of Deerfoot.

Perhaps that is why I enjoy Shaw so much, and why I could sit through "Heartbreak House" all over again, even the second act and the explosions.



ANOTHER event of considerable importance which has taken place during the Christmas Number holiday of this department is the performance of the Russian actor Ben-Ami in "Samson and Delilah" at the Greenwich Village Theatre. Just about once in fourteen or fifteen years does a theatregoer get a chance to see anything like this. And after seeing it, he might better stop going to the theatre and live on the memory of that one performance, for the chances are that the next time he goes he will see something like "When We Are Young," and bing! there he is right back where he started from.

"Samson and Delilah" is Ben-Ami's first venture into the English language, and the English language may well feel complimented. It seldom receives such kind treatment from its own children. Several critics, with the resonant voice of Edwin Booth still ringing in their ears and a faith that Yale's mass formations can still win football games, protested that, while the young Jew might have an intermittent spark of talent, his rhythm and emphasis were faulty. All right, his rhythm and emphasis are faulty. I haven't the slightest idea what his rhythm and emphasis are, but doubtless the critics are right. All I know is that Ben-Ami takes you out of your seat and up on the stage with him, and that there you go through all the suffering of the young poet in his struggles to keep his art and his wife, dropping limp with horror at his final madness. Edwin Booth may have been a grand actor, but he would have to have been a



WM. FAVERSHAM IN "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"

whole lot better than I think he was to give anyone who saw him a right to sniff at Ben-Ami.

And a word must be said for Pauline Lord, who played the errant wife. She is the most natural actress on record in this department. She is to the artificial players who declaim on our stage what *Miss Lulu Bett* is to the artificial books which jam our libraries. She is so real that at times she seems to be a poor actress, and that is just about as high as you can go.



AND now we come back to earth. Oh, 'way, 'way back! "Thy Name Is Woman" is a drama about Spain and smuggling and a nice little dirk nestling between the heroine's ribs at the final curtain. Mary Nash and José Ruben are the two members of the acting profession in a cast of four, and they are assisted by a couple of friends who oblige for the evening in the other two rôles.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

#### More or Less Serious

**Belasco.**—"One." Frances Starr as twin sisters who have only one soul between them. Just about two steps farther than spiritualistic drama can go and still be effective.

**Bijou.**—"The Skin Game." Interesting and well acted play by Galsworthy dealing with the struggle between aristocracy and the *nouveau riche*. If this isn't enough, you may detect a little allegory about the war by looking sharply. However you take it, it is one of the few real plays in town.

**Frazee.**—"The Woman of Bronze." Margaret Anglin in a powerful emotional rôle which carries the rest of a rather ordinary triangle drama along with her to the heights.

**Garrick.**—"Heartbreak House." Reviewed in this issue.

**Greenwich Village.**—"Samson and Delilah." Reviewed in this issue.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"Spanish Love." A colorful presentation of passion below the Pyrenees, including such old favorites as jealous rage, catch-as-catch-can loving, and fancy dancing.

**Morosco.**—"The Bat." The finest display of crime in the city, and until the final curtain you have no more idea who did it than the New York Police Department would have.

**Playhouse.**—"Thy Name Is Woman." Reviewed in this issue.

**Times Square.**—"The Mirage." Florence Reed doing all she can with a part several dozen plays old, showing how hard it is for a girl to go wrong in New York and still keep the old beau in Erie, Pa.

THE new Apollo Theatre was opened with a musical comedy called "Jimmie," in which Frances White is starred. (Suggestion for a title for the opening play in our next new theatre: "Jacks or Better.")

As is becoming customary in Mr. Arthur Hammerstein's productions, the chorus is made up of young ladies who seem to have been picked for their intelligence as well as for their spectacular effects. As in "Tickle Me," they sing and act well and look like real people. And Herbert Stothart has given them some very pleasing and old-fashioned music to sing.

Miss White is there, and you either like her or you don't. She seems, however, to have a decided majority in her favor, and her brace of children songs ought to win over several votes from the opposition. Mr. Ben Welch, without his accustomed gefüllte-fish make-up, is genial and amusing when left to his own resources.

The comedy lines and sentimental touches are simply terrible.

Robert C. Benchley.

#### Comedy and Things Like That

**Belmont.**—"French Leave." Mr. and Mrs. Coburn in a little something warmed over from the war.

**Booth.**—"The Prince and the Pauper." Good for the holidays whether you go to school or not. William Faversham in splendid form.

**Broadhurst.**—"When We Are Young." To be reviewed next week.

**George M. Cohan.**—"The Tavern." A travesty on romantic drama such as has never been done before, mixing all the time-worn lines, characters and situations up into a mad melange, in which Arnold Daly is the leading lunatic. The event of a lifetime.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"Welcome, Stranger." Showing that race-prejudice is not always to the swift when the issue is between a Jewish merchant and a Yankee town. Not particularly dignified but interesting.

**Comedy.**—"The Bad Man." Holbrook Blinn as a Mexican bandit who has some delightful ideas about America, marriage and private property, which he promulgates by means of a large gun.

**Empire.**—"Call the Doctor." A conventional comedy about marital troubles with a much better cast than it deserves.

**Eltinge.**—"Ladies' Night." A Turkish bath as the scene for as rough a piece of five-ton farce as you could have desired in your palmiest days of adolescence. Strictly for minds in the 8-B class, and therefore crowded every night.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"The Broken Wing." To be reviewed next week.

**Fulton.**—"Enter Madame." A delightfully written and cleverly acted light comedy dealing with the home-life of a temperamental opera singer. Still leads the field in its class.

**Gaiety.**—"Lightnin'." To be reviewed later.

**Henry Miller.**—"Just Suppose." Sentimental little play based on a visiting Prince of Wales falling in love with a Virginia girl. Nicely done and on the whole very agreeable.

**Hudson.**—"The Meanest Man in the World." Business comedy containing snappy rapid-fire dialogue with George M. Cohan as chief gunner.

**Little.**—"The First Year." Everybody's home-life made into a hilariously funny play which everybody likes. Frank Craven wrote it and plays the lead.

**Lyceum.**—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a highly successful comedy dealing with how the other half of the chorus lives.

**Nora Bayes.**—"Three Live Ghosts." The fortunes of three returning soldiers handled in an amusing manner.

**Park.**—"Bab." Helen Hayes as a sub-deb just home from boarding-school, bringing Mary Roberts Rinehart's literary creation to life with great success.

**Plymouth.**—"Little Old New York." Manhattan days of 1810 reproduced entertainingly by means of appropriate costumes, historical names and Miss Genevieve Tobin.

**Punch and Judy.**—"Rollo's Wild Oat." To be reviewed next week.

**Republic.**—"Daddy Dumplings." To be reviewed next week.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"The Young Visitors." To be reviewed next week.

#### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Apollo.**—"Jimmie." Reviewed in this issue.

**Astor.**—"Kissing Time." Pleasant and, at any rate, clean.

**Casino.**—"Honeydew." Efrem Zimbalist's score well sung and danced.

**Central.**—"Afgar." The justly famous Alice Delysia as the most spectacular feature in a spectacle of elaborate beauty.

**Century.**—"Mecca." A stage constantly full of color, dancing, singing and expensive properties.

**Century Roof.**—"The Century Midnight Revue" at 11:30. Eating and dancing at almost any time after dark.

**Cort.**—"Hello, Lester!" Née "Jim Jam Jems." Only the name has been changed.

**Globe.**—"Tip-Top." Fred Stone and a talented company of singers, dancers and saxophone players in just about as pleasant an entertainment as you could ask for.

**Hippodrome.**—"Good Times." Practically everything in the world comes on the stage here twice a day.

**Knickerbocker.**—"Mary." Tuneful score and constant action carrying a pleasing story along at an unbelievable pace.

**Liberty.**—"The Half-Moon." Good music and excellent dancing. Joseph Cawthorne making the most of a mediocre book.

**Longacre.**—"Pitter-Patter." Ernest Truex has recently joined this musical version of "Caught in the Rain," much to its advantage.

**New Amsterdam.**—"Hitchy Koo." Raymond Hitchcock, Julia Sanderson and G. P. Huntley proving that you don't have to have very much that is new to get away with it nowadays.

**Selwyn.**—"Tickle Me." Frank Tinney, surrounded by good lines, tuneful music and superior chorus girls.

**Shubert.**—"Greenwich Village Follies." A gorgeous presentation of very little that matters. Savoy and Brennan furnish coarse but hearty laughter.

**Vanderbilt.**—"Irene." Dainty comedy with excellent music, the biggest success of the past two seasons.

**Winter Garden.**—"Broadway Brevities." Bert Williams in bad company.

**Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.**—Eating, dancing, watching; take your choice or try them all.



THERE ARE LOTS OF GOOD FISH IN THE SEA.



NOW, BOYS, HOW HUNGRY ARE YOU?



OH, YOU HURDLES!

## LIFE'S Bi-weekscope

## Parable for the Proletariat

THE beautiful old house had a brick wall in the rear, commonplace, unadorned. It added nothing to the picturesqueness of the mansion, and it excited a constant flow of criticism from the passers-by.

"Why," they inquired irritably of one another, "do wealthy people shut their gardens away from the public? It's an unfair world. The rich are always robbing us of beauty."

And for years they reproached the millionaire who had built the wall.

Then one day workmen came and tore the wall down. And there was nothing at all beyond it save a meagre sweep of greensward.

"Why," complained the passers-by, "did that man tear down his wall? It was romantic; we could imagine such splendid things behind it. The rich are always robbing us of beauty."

## For the Ear's Sake

W. L. GEORGE, the British author, has been visiting us and examining us at close range. He thinks that our women are so beautiful because they are so well groomed, and regrets prohibition (for which he holds our women largely responsible) because it hurts social gatherings. "Obviously you can't talk four hours after dinner without a mild stimulus."

Maybe Mr. George has not heard some of our after dinner speakers. Almost anybody in America can talk for four hours without a stimulus; indeed, talk itself is a great stimulus to the one who talks. We are like dynamos that go better the more they are used. The great difficulty lies in the listening. Alcohol has hitherto been a great help in making us immune to other people's talk. Herbert Spencer used a sort of muffler that he applied to his ears when bored. In lieu of alcohol, we may be forced to invent something of that sort.



“—— Miles to the Gallon”

**B** LIVENS owned a flivver and an indestructible optimism. (Halt for a definition: an optimist is a man who buys accessories for a flivver.)

At first, Blivens got a scant twelve miles to the gallon, but after he scooted Mrs. Blivens and the six little Blivenses around for two months he could boast, on lucky runs, fourteen and a half. “Call it fifteen,” said Blivens cheerfully—and did so to all the world.

“Fifteen miles,” said Skinmore, of Skinmore’s Garage. “Not bad for *that* carburetor.”

Blivens pricked up a confiding ear.

“‘S a dam shame they ain’t puttin’ real carburetors in ‘em at the factory no more. Now then for \$29.75 I can sell ye a Little Cyclone—real carburetor—gives ye all the power and pep of a Twin Six—easy pickup and all.”

“Guarantee?” chirped Blivens.

“Guarantee!” Skinmore backfired. “Guarantee! Look here, Mister, you put this in and if you don’t get 60% more mileage outa yer gas, you just come around to me with yer kick and I’ll never say a word. Not a word, mind you—\$29.75 and only \$3.50 for installing.”

Blivens bought. Two blocks up he encountered a curbstone wizard demonstrating the Inferno Manifold, guaranteed to increase mileage 75%.

“I’m getting twenty-four now,” twittered Blivens.

“My friend, I care not if you’re getting thrice twenty-four,” orated the Inferno man. “We guarantee 75% more—and only \$13.50.”



*The Engineer:* BY GEORGE! I CAN SMELL FOOD, AN’ TH’ DINER’S HITCHED ON TH’ REAR OF THIS TRAIN!



WHY WE STICK TO THE (MORE OR LESS) STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH

Blivens bought. That noon he took on a Jazzitt breather (50% more mileage). That evening he added a Geyser Hydro-spray attachment (40%). Saturday he drained the crank-case and put in Velvetine oil (33% more mileage), and added a set of Pussyfoot tires (25%) and a box of Chemo-pep tablets, to drop in the gas tank (100%).

Saturday night he figured. (Another definition: an optimist is a man who gets happy with pencil and paper.) It seemed incredible—293,265 miles! But darn it, there were the figures in black and white.

Sunday morning he measured in five even gallons of gas and seven Blivenses. “Where we going, papa?” bleated Mrs. Blivens.

“A little surprise, my dear.” He penciled his road-map importantly. “Niagara Falls—Colorado Springs—anywhere, maybe.” He set the odometer at zero and they chugged away through Bird Center, Jimson Heights and way points. Beyond West Pedee he missed the road, milled down an interminable wood-lane and brought up dead at the bottom of a cow hollow.

“Is this Niagara Falls, papa?” chorused the six little Blivenses.

“Of course not—is it, papa?” echoed Mrs. Blivens.

“Hades, no!” hissed Blivens. “It’s ignition trouble.”

It wasn’t. It was an empty tank. And 23 miles.

“I wish,” said Blivens, “I’d given that Clingstone clutchband a trial. They guaranteed it to add 20%.”

E. O. James.

**T**HE best is the cheapest. Is that why government costs so much?



### Rejection Page

(Note: The contributions on this page have been rejected. Why? The reader may judge for himself. There is a reason in each case. All this rejected material is paid for, and its publication here is not intended as any reflection upon the authors, among whom are some of LIFE's most valued contributors.)

#### Little Sister

THERE'S a baby up at our house,  
Pink and fat and toothless too,  
That's bald-headed as my granddad,  
And can only say "Goo-goo";  
Yet the family step around her  
Like she was a fairy queen,  
And whenever she begins to cry,  
It's "Run and rock Kathleen."

She wears silly things like ribbons,  
And she's not a sport at all.  
She can't hop or skip or jump a rope—  
Why, she can't even crawl!  
And yet when she looks up at me  
And shows those toothless gums,  
There's something in that look of hers  
That tells me we'll be chums.

#### A Scheme

"FLUBDUB wants me to go in with him  
and make a barrel of home stuff."  
"A barrel, eh? Why don't you?"  
"His recipe calls for a pint of whisky."  
"Well?"  
"He knows I've got a pint of whisky."

#### Gala Day in England

ONE AFTERNOON, LORD SALISBURY and Lady FATIMA went through PALL MALL and down PICADILLY on a CAMEL. Having arrived at WINDSOR CASTLE, they witnessed a game in which JACK ROSE, by a LUCKY STRIKE, hit a HOME RUN. At the same time the DUKE OF YORK and PHILIP MORRIS went to CAIRO in OLD EGYPT with SALOME and MILO to see the EGYPTIAN DEITIES. After that OMAR accompanied them to MECCA, where SALOME, having stepped on a coffin nail, yelled HELMAR! ROMEO AND JULIET, in ADMIRATION, went with ORLANDO to see the ROYAL BENGAL tigers. The WHITE OWL produced a bottle of DUBONNET, which was partaken BETWEEN THE ACTS while the little RECRUIT of a toreador attempted to shoot the BULL OF DURHAM. NESTOR then presented the AMERICAN BEAUTIES with the TURKISH TROPHIES which they won at the

MELACHRINO Sweepstakes at the OASIS. The same evening PRINCE ALBERT in a VELVET jacket went with IVANHOE to TUXEDO PARK, and felt a strange SENSATION on meeting the BARKING DOG, while the NAVY sailed through the STRAIGHTS, looking their PRETTIEST in NATURAL formation.

#### Incandescence

"OH, papa! Last night in the parlor he called me the light of his life, the flame of his soul."  
"Humph. Funny you have to burn so much gas with all that illumination."

#### Have a Heart, Girl!

"HA!" chuckled the cruel little vamp before her mirror. "This is the powder that blows many a poor fellow to hell."

FORTUNE-TELLER (to young man):  
You will become either a meat-packer or a toreador.  
YOUNG MAN (enthusiastically): Well, they're both bully jobs!



He: WHERE, IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, IS THAT TIRE IRON?

"OH, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, THE LITTLE SMITH GIRL BORROWED IT TO CRACK NUTS WITH."

#### Ye Poet Meditateth

I'D never lack for meat and drink,  
If I could only make my think  
Flow just as freely as the ink.

#### Fame

THE class in English literature was being heard.  
"For what was Ben Jonson noted?" asked the teacher.  
"He was the first Englishman to drop his h's," replied the boy at the foot of the class.

#### A Line on Lenine

"YOU promised us that life under Bolshevism would be one continuous picnic."  
"Well, don't you get a knouting every day?"

A BOOTLEGGER was convicted and was up for sentence before a well-known tender-hearted judge.  
"Have you ever been sentenced before?" asked the judge kindly.  
Never," cried the prisoner, bursting into tears.  
"Well, well; don't cry," said his honor.  
"You're going to be now."

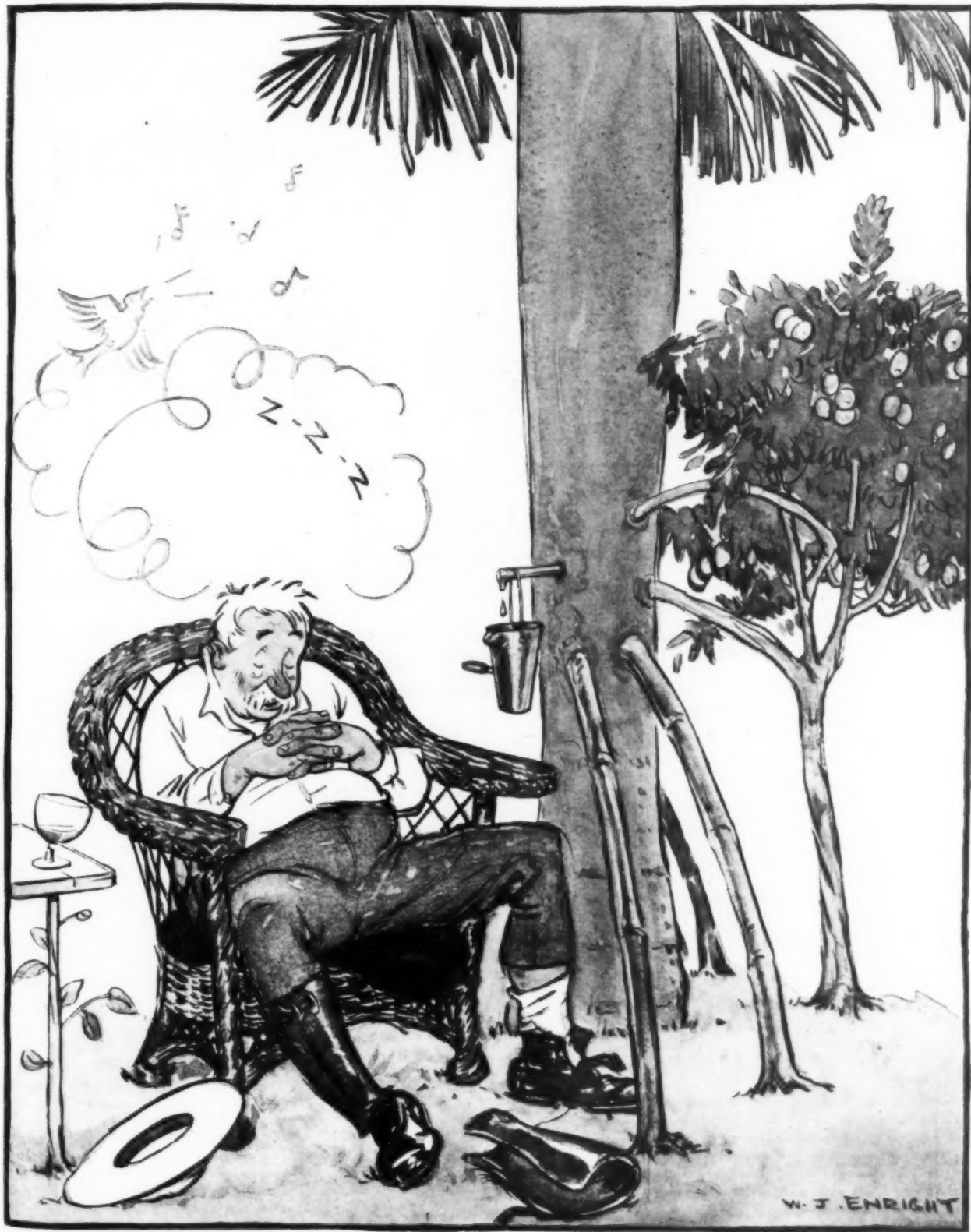
#### Is This Joke Better Left Unsaid?

CRAWFORD: I see the hoarded sugar and coffee have had a spectacular drop.  
CRABSHAW: I guess the only hoarded stuff that is going down naturally is the reserve stock.

#### Ho, for Brazil!

"I SEE Brazil has one hundred and eighty varieties of snakes."  
"Well, you can get action on your liquor there."

FATHER NEPTUNE (to group of mermaids): Well, girls, I must say it's more comfortable. Now I can wade around the United States without getting my feet cut on broken bottles.



GIVE A THOUGHT TO CUBA

SUGAR PLANTER TAKING A SIESTA IN THE SHADE OF A BACARDI TREE TO WHICH SUGAR CANE AND A LIME HAVE BEEN GRAFTED



## Save the Poe Cottage

LIFE has published, in recent issues, an appeal to its readers to contribute to a fund for the preservation of the Edgar Allan Poe cottage in Fordham, New York.

The building is of great interest, both as a museum and as a permanent memorial to the tragic genius who wrote "The Raven" and "The Bells." It was in this cottage that he spent the last and bitterest years of his life—fighting his valiant but hopeless battle against poverty and ill health, and writing the stories and poems which will live for all time. That there are still many people who revere Poe's memory is attested by the fact that the daily average of visitors at the Fordham cottage is over one hundred.

Twenty thousand dollars is needed to guarantee that the cottage be properly repaired and restored to its original condition, and that a fund be provided for its permanent maintenance. The city of New York furnishes the land on which the building is situated, but all other expenses must be covered by private subscription.

Many of the readers of LIFE will be



THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

anxious to help in furthering so worthy a cause, and the editors will be glad to receive and hand over to the proper authorities any sums of money that may be contributed for this purpose. Acknowledg-

ment of all such contributions will be made in the columns of this magazine.

LIFE has started the list with a contribution of one hundred dollars.

Who will be next?



**ENSLAVED, AND OTHER POEMS**, by John Masefield. (The Macmillan Company.) How fine a poet Masefield is, and how well he keeps to the higher levels! This new book opens with a long narrative poem of a capture of Moorish sea-robbers, an escape, etc., which is inferior to his *Reynard the Fox*, though with many lines of great beauty and with a plot like a capital short story's. There are two ballads: of these "The Hounds of Hell" is superb—worthy of the best traditions of English poetry. The several shorter poems are expressions of the poet's philosophy—or, perhaps, temperament—which faces tragedy, old age and death unflinchingly because he sees, in and beyond them, the thing called Beauty, a "divine white wonder." None to whom poetry speaks should fail to read in this book.

*Our Economic and Other Problems*, by Otto H. Kahn. (George H. Doran Company.) Chiefly addresses delivered in the last few years, opening with an appreciation (often a eulogy) of E. H. Harriman. Ten chapters deal with such matters as the railroads, taxation and economic problems, seven were utterances during the war, three relate to art, including popular-priced opera. . . . We do not think anything should be

said to discourage the laudable wish of American financiers to appear in the rôle of publicists.

Or, perhaps, of American lawyers. Here is a volume, *Occasional Papers and Addresses of an American Lawyer*, by Henry W. Taft. (The Macmillan Company.) There is a good deal in it about the League of Nations, and Mr. Taft commendably takes the sting out of Article X. Several of the papers will interest Mr. Taft's fellow lawyers, but that is about all one can say of the book. One would like to say that it could be used to fortify a debate in Congress, or at Columbia, or somewhere; but unfortunately the volume is without an in-

dex, so probably one cannot safely assert so much.

*Constantine I and the Greek People*, by Paxton Hibben. (The Century Company.) Before becoming an American soldier, Mr. Hibben was correspondent of the Associated Press in Greece, where he remained until the beginning of 1917, at which time he wrote this book—while "every phase of the Greek tragedy was very clear and living in my mind." Briefly, Mr. Hibben presents ex-King Constantine as a terribly wronged man, and France, with the connivance of Great Britain, as atrociously subverting the liberties of the Greek people. It is important evidence, interestingly presented.

*Open the Door*, by Catherine Carswell. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.) This book won the prize of £250 in an English first-novel contest. Frank Swinnerton, the English novelist, has spoken of it as "a very distinguished piece of work." It is. The subject is a woman whose appetite is unsatisfied in marriage and in an illicit relation following her husband's death. The last page leaves her with still another man, confessing she is happy. We would not, however, have this description misunderstood. A theme which many readers will find ob-

(Continued on page 1114)

## The Best Six Current Books

*Life*, by Johan Bojer.

*The Strangeness of Noel Carton*, by William Caine.

*The Romantic*, by May Sinclair.

*San Cristobal de la Havana*, by Joseph Hergesheimer.

*A Life of Arthur James Balfour*, by E. T. Raymond.

*Right Royal*, by John Masefield.

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TRIAL FOR  
10 DAYS**

## Take Your Choice

There are two sides to every question. In its October 7th issue, LIFE published a piece on California by B. H. Morton, to which some of our California readers took exception. They may be right. Herewith LIFE publishes a reply by C. A. Utley of Sacramento, Cal., and side by side with it the original document which caused all the trouble. The reader can take his choice.

### A Day in California

THE Californian is awakened by a Connecticut clock, and crawls out of his New Hampshire sheets. He puts on his Lowell socks, fastens his Boston garters, buttons his Brockton shoes, jerks on his Chicago suspenders on Detroit overalls, washes his face with Cincinnati soap, wipes with a Rhode Island towel, puts on a Troy collar and a Paterson necktie, and brushes his hair with a Brooklyn brush. Then he sits down to a Grand Rapids table on a Grand Rapids chair, eats Beechnut bacon from Kansas hogs, bread of Minneapolis flour with Idaho potatoes cooked with New York lard on a Detroit stove burning Pennsylvania coal. After breakfast he plows his land (covered with New York mortgages) with a Syracuse plow and a Montana horse fed with Kansas corn and Iowa hay. Or, if he can afford it, he harvests his grain with a Hoosier tractor, puts it in Atlanta sacks, ships it on Delaware cars drawn by a Philadelphia engine on Pittsburgh rails. Then when evening comes he takes a ride in his Detroit Ford or his Toledo Overland. Then he looks at his Waterbury watch and returns home. He rests a while in his Wakefield rocker, reading his Eastern magazine. Finally he lowers his Columbia shades, bathes in his Bridgeport tub, crawls under his Lowell blankets, is kept awake by sand fleas, the only home product of his native state, and plans how to fleece the Eastern tourist of his hard-earned cash.

B. H. Morton.

### Made in California

THE Easterner arrives in California. His Brockton shoes wear out; he replaces them with a pair of high-grade Napatans, made in Napa, Cal. He needs overalls. To his surprise, the pair he buys are made in Petaluma, Cal. He uses Peet Bros. soap, made in Oakland, Cal. Eager to get on, he purchases a Schmeiser land leveler, manufactured in Davis, Cal. He insures himself an abundance of water by installing a Pelton pump, manufactured by the Pelton Water Wheel Company, San Francisco, Cal. With the help of a Yuba tractor, manufactured in Marysville, Cal., he sets to work to lift that New York mortgage. When his puny Hoosier tractor cannot handle his bumper crop he replaces it with a Holt tractor (the kind that won the war), manufactured in Stockton, Cal. He sells his Montana horse to the Petaluma (Cal.) chicken raisers. He no longer rides in a Detroit Ford or Toledo Overland. He sports an airplane, made in Sacramento, Cal. He subscribes to the *Pacific Rural Press*, published in San Francisco, Cal. It tells of the unadvertised land in Northern California. He takes a spin up there in his airplane and discovers the "Heart of California." He settles there. He scraps his old Connecticut clock—he is awake! And he laughs when he thinks of the old Minneapolis-flour days. Sacramento and San Joaquin Valley wheat flour is good enough for him. The Easterner is a Californian.

C. A. Utley.



"BOB ISN'T NEARLY AS FICKLE AS HE USED TO BE. HE'S BEEN IN LOVE WITH THOSE TWO GIRLS FOR ALMOST A MONTH"



LITTLE KNOWN INDUSTRIAL FIGURES  
THE MAN WHO PUTS THE FILLING IN  
RESTAURANT PIES

### LIFE'S Title Contest

JUST a word about the title contest which closed November 30th, last.

The editors of LIFE wish to thank the thousands of readers who came forward with suggestions. The number of replies received was enormous. The judges are already at work sorting and sifting these replies, and will make known their decision at the earliest possible moment.

The \$1,000.00 in prizes is to be distributed as follows:

First prize—\$500.00.

Second prize—\$300.00.

Third prize—\$200.00.

As announced when the contest opened, in case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The date on which the awards are to be announced will be made known later. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the awards.

### Oratorical

NODD: Come around and play bridge with the women in my house.

TODD: Won't I make one too many?

"But you can listen in."

### Not to Be Continued

"WHAT happened to that oil stock you bought?"

"Well—"

"Too bad."

A PESSIMIST is a reformed optimist.

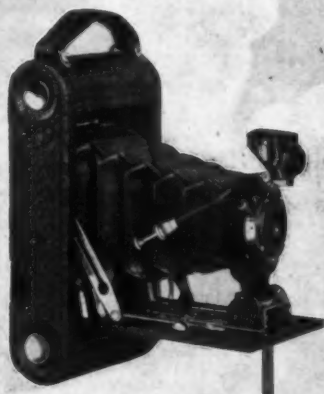
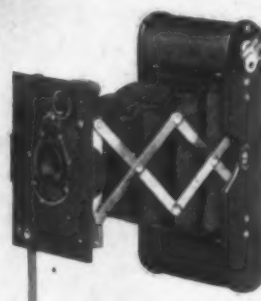


# Among the Christmas Gifts



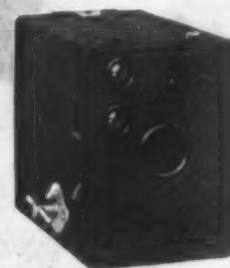
For the grown-ups or the nearly grown-ups, a Kodak for pictures of the post card size,  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. It is familiarly known to hundreds of thousands of enthusiasts as the "3A". It makes the largest picture available in "pocket photography". The 3A will really go into the side pocket of almost any coat. Frankly, however, it is more conveniently carried in an overcoat pocket—or slung over the shoulder in a case. Excise war tax and all, the Junior model, with a fine Rapid Rectilinear lens, sells at \$24.64—and with the Kodak Anastigmat  $f.7.7$  lens, at \$30.62. There are other more expensive models—all have the Kodak simplicity—and they all make good pictures.

A gift for the one who already has a larger Kodak—the Vest Pocket. You don't carry a Vest Pocket Kodak—you wear it, like a watch. It is always ready to picture the unexpected and the unusual. The price, including the excise war tax, is \$9.49.



For the boy or girl in high school—the No. 1 Kodak Junior. There's always room for it in the pocket, and the Kodak story of the school days is one that not only gives fun in the making but in its album form becomes a permanent delight to the whole family. The price of the No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior is \$16.67, including the excise war tax.

For the little folks—a No. 0 Brownie. These little cameras have good lenses and shutters and finders, and use the same film and make the same size pictures as the Vest Pocket Kodak. You will be astonished by the good work they do; you will be even more astonished at the intelligent way in which a youngster of seven or eight will go about picture-making with a No. 0 Brownie. The price, including war tax, is \$2.86.



This page gives only a hint of the Kodak and Brownie line—there are Brownies for pictures of every size that Kodaks make, and there are Kodaks with high speed shutters and rapid lenses—there are folding Brownies as well as box Brownies—but they all have one common characteristic—they make good pictures. And all Kodaks (except Stereo and Panoram) and all *folding* Brownies have something else in common—they are Autographic, and when used with Autographic film provide for the instant titling of every negative at the time it is made. And the Autographic costs no more than other film.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



### The Public's Humor

Max Beerbohm, in an essay on "The Humor of the Public," compiles a list of the themes which amuse people:

"Mothers-in-law, henpecked husbands, twins, old maids, Jews, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, niggers (not Russians, or other foreigners of any denomination), fatness, thinness, long hair (worn by a man), baldness, sea-sickness, stuttering, bad cheese. . . ."

### A Big Order

HE: Have you ever kissed a man before?

SHE (falteringly): Y-yes.

HE (excited): Tell me his name, so I can thrash him.

SHE: But—but—he might be too many for you.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

THE season's best simile: "As drunk as a Prohibition enforcement agent."

—B. L. T., in *Chicago Tribune.*



One Bolshevik to Another: PERSONALLY, I AM MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR YOUR CIGARETTE, BUT IN THE NAME OF THE GOVERNMENT I INTEND HAVING YOU SHOT FOR HAVING TOBACCO IN YOUR POSSESSION.

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

### A Glowing Description

The *Saturday Evening Post* tells of a New Yorker, one of the native-born type, who saw Niagara Falls for the first time.

He looked the falls over very carefully and returned to his hotel.

"Well, what do you think of it for a wonderful sight?" he was asked.

"I'll say," said the New Yorker, without undue enthusiasm, "that she certainly throws a mean leap."

### A Minor Rôle

It is certainly unusual to find an actor as modest as the one who inserted the following advertisement in one of the London papers:

"Engagement Wanted.—Small part, such as dead body or outside shouts."

—*Windsor Magazine (London).*

### Demonstration

PERSISTENT COMMERCIAL TRAVELER: This time, sir, I have quite a new departure—

BUSY MANUFACTURER: Good! Let me see you do it.—*London Opinion.*

THE worst enemy of convention is conventionality.—*London Mercury.*

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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

# First Cruise to the Mediterranean

## January 15<sup>TH</sup>

### The Ship

The Trans-Atlantic Cunard Liner  
672 Feet "CARONIA" 20,000  
Long Tons

### A Floating Palace

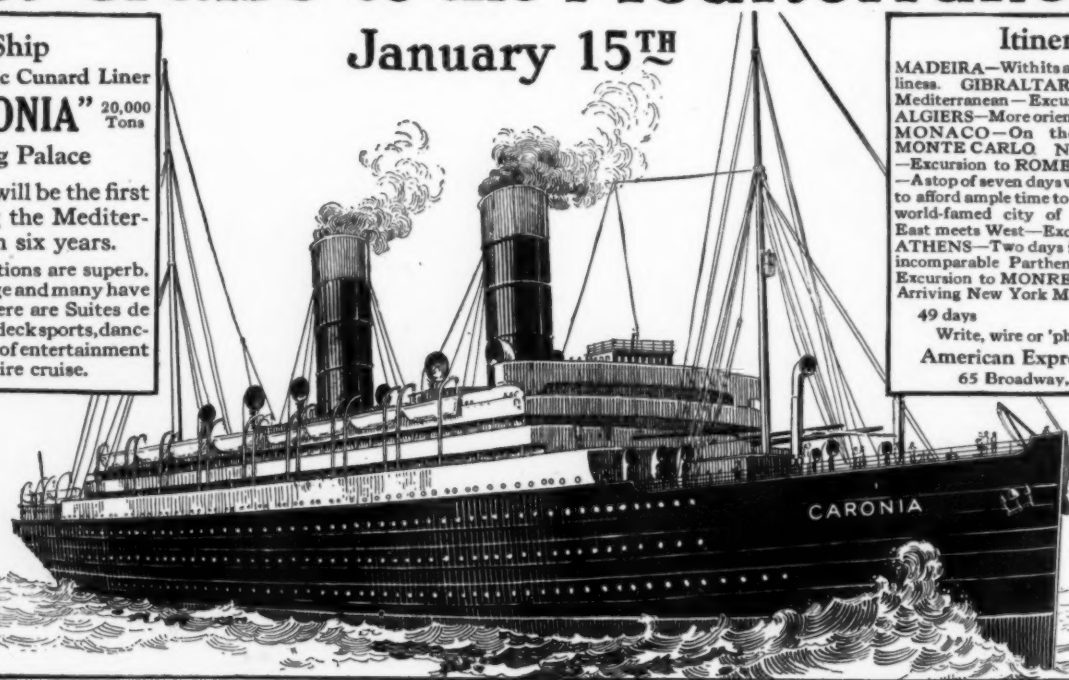
The "Caronia" will be the first steamer making the Mediterranean Cruise in six years.

The accommodations are superb. The staterooms large and many have private baths. There are Suites de Luxe. There will be decksports, dancing and other forms of entertainment throughout the entire cruise.

### Itinerary

MADEIRA—With its almost tropical loveliness. GIBRALTAR—Gateway to the Mediterranean—Excursion to Algiers. ALGIERS—More oriental than the Orient. MONACO—On the Riviera—Visit MONTE CARLO. NAPLES—Four days—Excursion to ROME. ALEXANDRIA—A stop of seven days will be made in order to afford ample time to visit CAIRO—The world-famed city of the Orient where East meets West—Excursion to LUXOR. ATHENS—Two days in the shadow of the incomparable Parthenon. PALERMO—Excursion to MONREALE. NAPLES—Arriving New York March 4th.

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### Ballade of the Idle Rich

THE paper said you wished a maid?—  
Oh, yes, I'm looking for a place  
at twenty-six a week, and *paid*  
Before I do a thing. Name's Grace,  
But I prefer Miss Jones. My face  
mine to paint. My beau's a clerk;  
We take in every show or race—  
didn't come here just to work.

Your dining-room is quite a shade  
Too dark. I always want real lace  
to edge my aprons; coffee made  
Before I rise—I need a brace;  
One lives at such a rapid pace.  
must have time to prink and perk  
Each afternoon in any case—  
didn't come here just to work.

In bridge, when one declares a spade,  
You lead, of course, an outside ace?  
like to play, though I'd evade  
High stakes, should your game be too  
base.

For my new town-car have you space?  
and please my poodle's curls don't jerk;  
If he should run I'd have to chase—  
didn't come here just to work."

### L'Envoi

Princess, if you a maid would trace,  
Give in to every whim and quirk.  
She craves spice, not of clove and mace—  
She doesn't come there just to work.  
Charlotte Becker.

ENTHUSIASM, like a match, must be  
held down to burn well.

THE TEST OF A MEAL  
the test it begets. That's the winning thing about



Makes One  
"Sing,  
Fling, be  
as Happy  
as a King"

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"I won't carry  
throat germs  
to those at home"



All day long—in the office or shop, in the cars, the  
crowded stores—you have been breathing in germs of  
sore throat, tonsillitis, influenza, what-not. In the  
warm crevices of throat and mouth they multiply with  
incredible speed.

Perhaps you are in rugged health and they find no  
weakened spot to attack. But what of those at home?  
They may be less able to resist these armies of ill-health  
and the home-coming kiss may bear the dread germs  
of disease.

A pleasant—almost candy-like—Formamint dis-  
solved in the mouth now and then during the day makes  
the mouth fluids antiseptic, keeps germ-growth within  
bounds, and forms a strong defence against disease.

If the throat is already sore, the frequent use of  
Formamint keeps the membranes bathed in this splen-  
did antiseptic, allays inflammation, prevents new  
infection and gives the tissues a chance to heal.

Children are glad to use them and should do so freely,  
as crowded school-rooms are fruitful fields for the  
spread of throat infection.

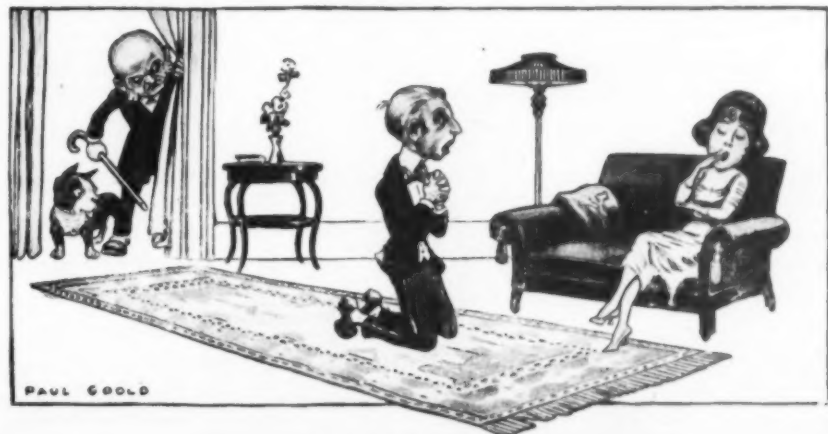
Any druggist can tell you  
how widely Formamint is  
recommended by throat  
specialists, physicians and  
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There is great danger in the kiss;  
There has been and will ever be.  
The game with any pretty miss  
That has no danger's not for me.  
From kisses I have caught with ease  
A dozen kinds of heart disease.

The kiss that has been sterilized  
Is rumless punch, a sexless dance,  
A saltless egg, a game devised  
With room for neither skill nor chance.  
What's caught from kissing, bachelor,  
Is something to thank Heaven for.

—Sydney Bulletin.

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what he wants when he  
wants it, usually carries  
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because it writes the way  
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A British merchant who has just been the guest of the sultan of Zanzibar was invited to inspect the harem. In the garden was a merry-go-round that the sultan had imported at great expense from the United States. Several of the wives were mounted on the wooden horse. "There's Only One Girl in This World for Me" was the tune that was being played by the organ.

—Detroit Free Press.

"TELL us something about Esau," directed the catechism teacher.

Vincent, after clearing his throat, explained that "Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash."

—Varsity News (Univ. of Detroit).

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—Florida Times-Union.

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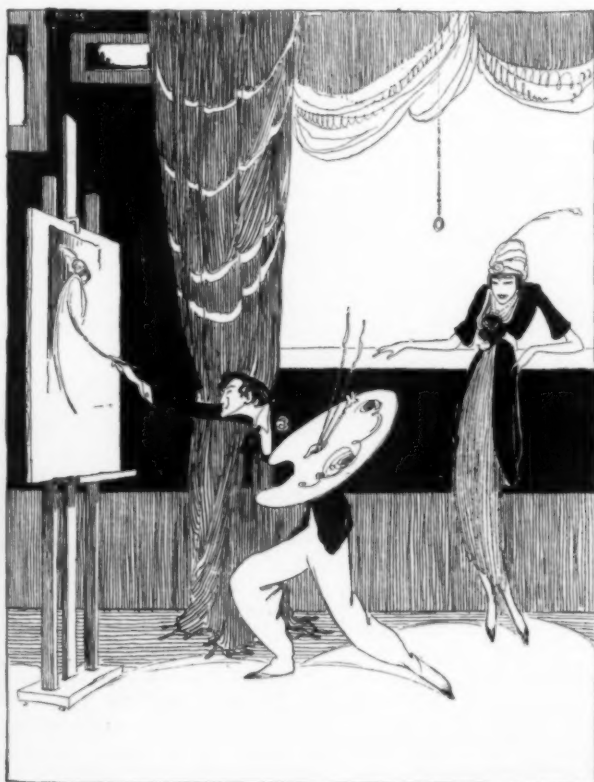
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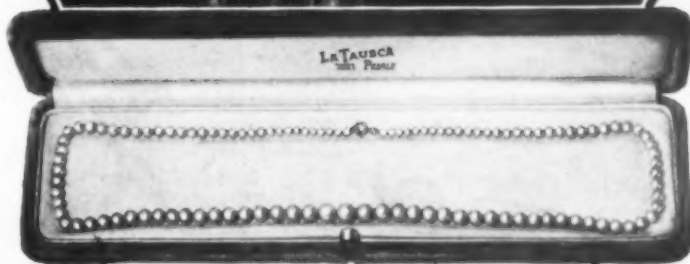
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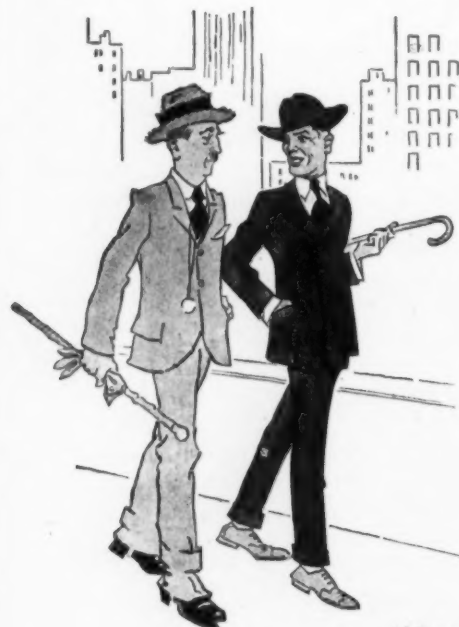
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**New Yorker:** WE'LL SOON FIX THAT. THERE'S A LITTLE PLACE AROUND THE CORNER WHERE THEY KNOW ME!

### The Latest Books

(Continued from page 1106)

jectionable is handled cleanly—in the main, even a little austere.

**Artificial Light: Its Influence on Civilization**, by M. Luckiesh. (The Century Company.) By an expert on color and lighting, but "popular" throughout. Of course a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry and electricity makes possible a keener enjoyment of the book. Fascinating isn't too strong a word, for the author seems to have neglected nothing, from the use of light to sterilize water for swimming-pools to the attempts to use colored light as an aesthetic aid to music.

**The Fight for Freedom**, by Douglas Goldring. (Thomas Seltzer.) Play in four acts. Time, England during the war. Theme—well—about what Mr. Galsworthy's *Saint's Progress* would have been if Mr. W. L. George, he of *Blind Alley*, had handled it. It is a subject that would have pleased Bernard Shaw, and the treatment markedly suggests Shaw, though the dexterity in dialogue isn't so great.

**Touch and Go**, by D. H. Lawrence. (Thomas Seltzer.) Three-act play about capital and labor. The setting is an English mining village, the action is inconclusive and the people are dull. The preface, dealing partly with a people's theatre, is one of the most extraordinary blends of nonsense and platitude we can remember.



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Guests have returned year after year—not alone for ideal sport, but for the constant revival of happy memories, the renewal of old friendships. This season makes an even quarter-century for Pinehurst.

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## Cuticura Soap

—Is Ideal for—  
**The Complexion**

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

**The War, the World and Wilson**, by George Creel. (Harper & Bros.) An impassioned defense of President Wilson and his work at Paris, mixed with eulogy. We are not convinced that Mr. Creel, who declares every one of the Fourteen Points to have been written into the Treaty, is Mr. Wilson's wisest champion. Somehow Ray Stannard Baker's *What Wilson Did at Paris*, which merely contends that the President did as well as anyone could have done, seems to us more likely to satisfy the doubters and moderate the scorers. However, every campaign has its plumed knight, though his plume be nothing but a goose quill. Forward, the Light Brigade! Those who do not like Mr. Creel (there are some) are at liberty to shout: "Light Brigade is right!"

**The Life of Kitchener**, by Sir George Arthur. (The Macmillan Company.) Two of the volumes deal with Kitchener before the Great War; the third completes his story. This is the "official" biography, superbly printed and illustrated, conventional, correct in tone and full of shortcomings. The general reader will probably be disappointed because the author, who was Kitchener's secretary, has no true gift for painting the man; the specialist will find that the book raises more questions than it answers—as in its account of Kitchener's death.

Grant M. Overton.

A WOMAN can never understand what her husband does with his money, even when she gets it herself.



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"The Best Boy's Story in Our Generation."  
—*Boston Transcript.*

Illustrated by JOHN SLOAN, Price \$3.50

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**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK

## Manners and Customs

TO a recent number of *Equity*, the organ of the Actors' Association, Mr. George Arliss contributed a word of warning to the British actors who keep on coming to the United States. He bestowed upon his little paper an apt title: "Behave!" An Englishman by birth, Mr. Arliss has been acting in America every winter for now nearly a score of years; and he has noted with annoyance that not a few of his fellow performers on adventuring themselves in these Western wilds, take on a lofty attitude of condescension toward the untutored natives. He tells us about a British actor who slipped on a banana peel as he stepped off the ship on his first arrival in this country and who cried in an undignified sitting posture: "I knew I shouldn't like the beastly country!"

Mr. Arliss thinks that visiting Britons are swift to proffer adverse criticisms on things American. He warns his countrymen that when they go to America and find customs and institutions differing from those with which they are familiar in their own little island, they must not jump to the conclusion that Americans are idiots or even lacking in judgment. "Wait and try to find out why these things are different; reflect that there may be a very good reason—and

you will generally find out that there is."

This excellent advice is addressed by an Englishman to other Englishmen; and it will make for friendship and good will on earth if these other Englishmen take it to heart. But the sauce prepared for the roast goose is likely also to go well with the roast gander. Only too many Americans paying a first visit to England are prone to pour hot scorn upon the British because British ways are not al-

ways our ways, and British customs are not always our customs. The British ways and customs may be inferior to ours—sometimes they are. On the other hand, they may be superior—and sometimes they are. Anyhow, these British ways and customs help the islanders to be happy in their own fashion—more or less happy; and we ought to recognize the right of all nations to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.



Poirot took seal brown velvet, red Chinese lacquer buttons and the demurest of white ruffles to "make this unusual frock with its medieval detachment denied by that ultra-modern roll of the material around its ample skirt. This is just one of the interesting—and quite different—models shown in every issue of *Vogue*."

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This year, above all others, when extravagance and waste are to be avoided, you should have *Vogue* at hand. For now every woman must devote even more than her customary care to the selection of her wardrobe, so that not one hat, gown or wrap may remain unworn and its price wasted.

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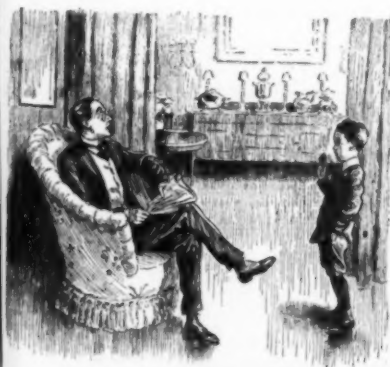
New furniture; new ways of entertaining; new clothes for all the occasions of country life.

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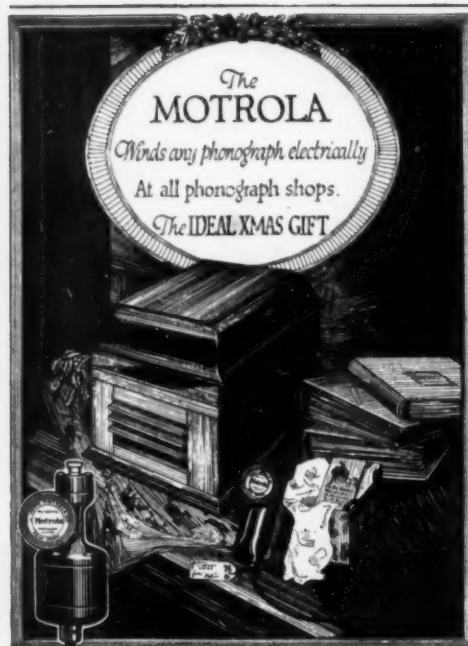
We're sorry to have to differentiate between new and old friends, but the high cost of everything necessitates our limiting this introductory offer to new subscribers only. If you aren't getting *Vogue's* advice, and would like to economize this season—and enjoy it—all you have to do is to sign the coupon—**now!**



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**HUDSON'S BAY**  
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### A Short Chapter in the History of a Trap

IT was placed under a rock cliff, a few feet from where forest and field met in a tangle of sedge grass. A robin whose body was not yet cold was used as the bait. The thoughts of the man were only of the price he would receive for the fur of the animal he hoped to find struggling there on his return.

In the yard of the house just a few rods from the trap frolicked Tootsie, an overgrown kitten, pet of the household. In his play he came to the edge of the field. A rabbit jumped up and hopped away. Tootsie started in pursuit.

It had been Tootsie's habit to come to the living-room windows at what he considered a proper bedtime, and hang on the screen until he was given admittance. That night the household missed his cunning maneuver. Tootsie was still missing the next morning.

On the third night a faint cry was heard. Opening the window, his mistress called, "Tootsie!" His answering cry told of his condition before he was brought in to the light with only a crushed, bleeding stump where his right forefoot had been. But the expression in his eyes when he looked up at his owner—the wild look of horror that told too plainly of those days and nights of agony; the dumb question as to why this should have happened to him, was one his owner never forgot. . . .

Again the trap was set. This time a dove was used as bait. . . .

Tom was a neighborhood cat. One of the victims of the superstition that it is

## Finish this Story for Yourself



The girl got week and was ly. "Piggy"—can imagine kind—was downstairs, knew where pagne and ma could be had, that night she go. That was Kitchener's do But another night

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Like the Caliph of ancient Bagdad was Henry. He has explored the byways of the great New York. He has walked the front, dropped into strange eating places the Bowery; he has sat for hours, disguised as a tramp, on a park bench, waiting for adventure around the corner. And he found it. The city was his world, and it gave him tribute of rich store of material, giving inspiration and the key to that inner world which remains to most of us a sealed book. From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press to the 350,000 who have eagerly sought beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the boy on the street—the whole nation bows to Henry—and hails him, with love and pride, as our greatest writer of stories.

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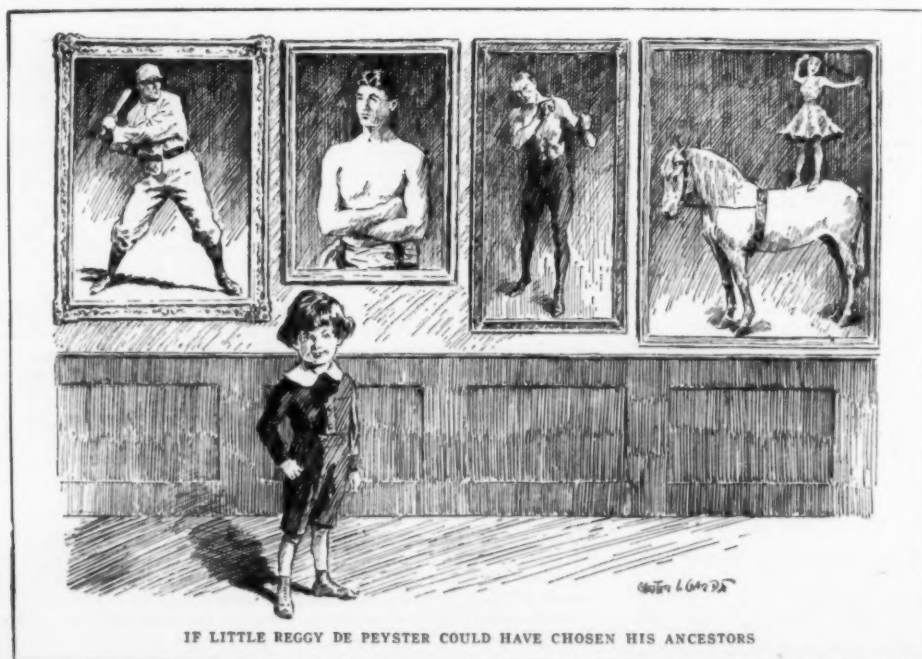
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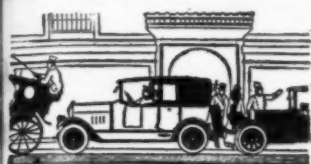
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bad luck to move a cat, he was abandoned in his kittenhood. He had almost starved during his first homeless months. After that he sought his fortune from barn to barn.

The fact that there was a rapid decrease in the rat population where Tom had temporary quarters made him a welcome visitor. But there came a time when Tom was missed from his favorite haunts, and a decided increase in the rat population was the result.

In the meanwhile, the owner of the trap, now engrossed in other affairs, left the trap unvisited for two weeks.

Emaciated by starvation, and with his body bruised and beaten with his efforts to free his leg, which was still held in the jaws of the trap, Tom suffered his last cruelty at the hand of the superior being called man.

The trap was ready again with some form of innocent wild life as bait.

The pet on the farm adjoining that of Tootsie's owner, was a small Spitz called Buster. Buster's knowledge of the world was limited, but he was allowed a daily run in the woods back of the house, and his dog heart exulted in this freedom.

But one day he did not return; and Tootsie's owner, who lived nearest the trap, heard a dog crying in agony, and, following up the cries, he released the crushed leg and took the pup home.

The trap was destroyed, but the one who placed it there, regardless of the fact that it was on another's property and near several homes where pets were kept, was never known.

But his name is legion—which is attested by the maimed pets found in the country to-day, and by the common complaint of those dwelling in the country: "I had a good cat [or dog], but it disappeared."

**Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum**  
**NORTH:** Well, we seem to have gotten rid of a few of the sugar profiteers.

**WEST:** You can't tell—maybe they're selling coal now!

## When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why *shouldn't* grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

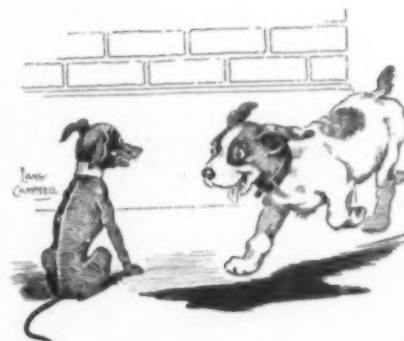
Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

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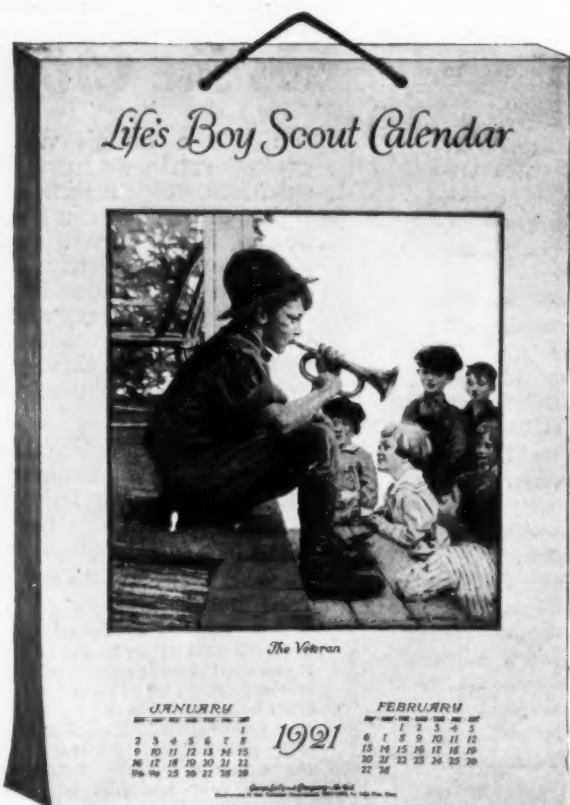
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